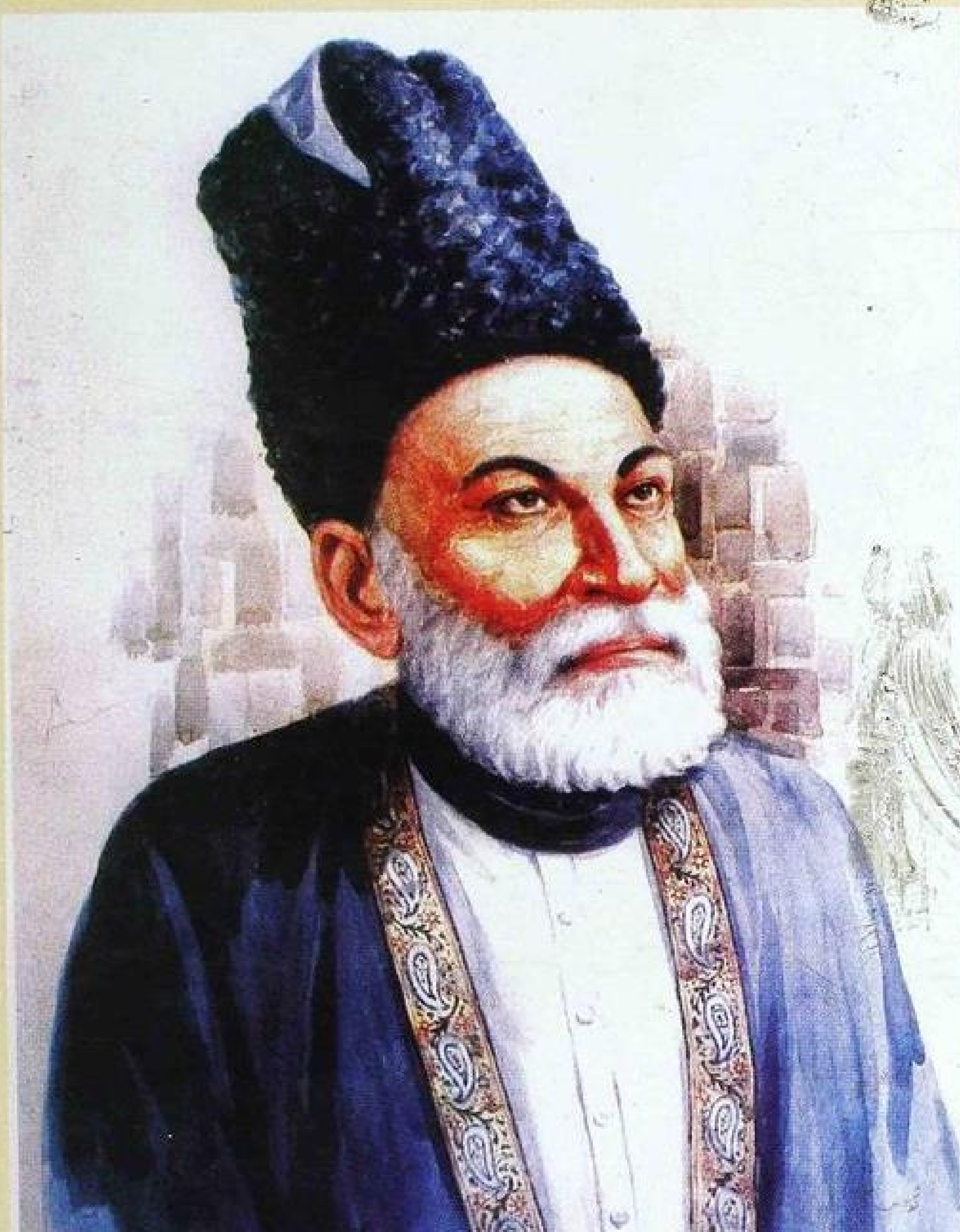
MIRZA GHALIB
IN
ENGLISH VERSE



ROSHAN CHAUFLA

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ENGLISH VERSE

BY

ROSHAN CHAUFLA

E-mail: rlchaufla@yahoo.com

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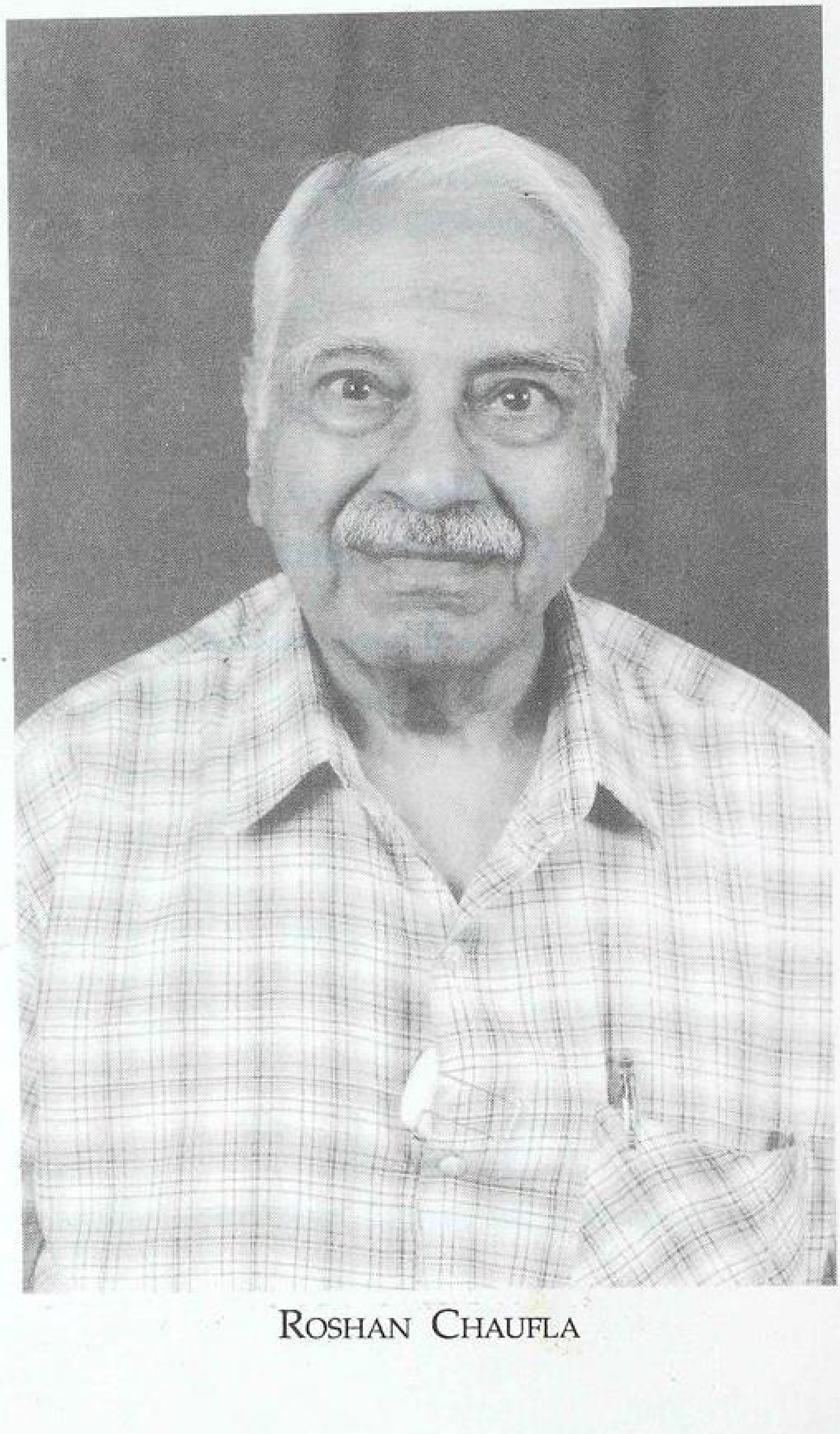
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DEDICATED TO

MY WIFE USHA

Who stood by me through thick and thin

Which were many



Roshan Chaufla

About the Author

This is a book of English poems by an author whose mother tongue is not English. It is a translation in verse of the famous Urdu poet Mirza Ghalib. This is perhaps the first translation in verse of *Diwan e Ghalib.*

Born on 31st January, 1929, the author did his Honours in Political Science and then Master of Arts in Economics from Delhi University in the year 1951. He was a member of the football team that visited Kabul, Afghanistan in the year 1950 and again in 1951. After a short stint in the Planning Commission (Evaluation Section) for the socio economic survey of village life in Punjab and Himachal, the author joined the erstwhile Burmah-Shell and after a spell of 13 years, he started his own petroleum business in the year 1965. In the beginning of the nineties, the author got involved in some legal court cases as a result of which he joined the regular Law College in Udaipur (Rajasthan) and passed his LLB in the year 1993 at the age of 64 to fight his legal battles successfully before finally retiring from business in the year 2002, to bequeath all his business to his two sons.

At present the author is settled in Godhuli Senior Citizens Home, Dwarka, New Delhi where he has completed this book.

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To all other friends and relations who rendered valuable advice, whenever needed, I am grateful. And finally to Mr. Jacob who undertook to print the book for me I owe deep thanks.

INTRODUCTION

Sir Mohammad Iqbal, in his famous poem on Mirza Ghalib has compared Ghalib with the famous German poet Goethe. This was in 1904. In 1921 there was a storm in the Urdu literary world when Dr. Abdur Rehman Bijnauri's appreciation of Ghalib's poetry appeared with the earth-shaking opening sentence:

"There are only two inspired books in India, the sacred Vedas and the Diwan e Ghalib".

To assuage the over reaction of conservative opinion against "the intemperate adulation of Ghalib" The Usmania University entrusted the job of a critical appreciation of Ghalib's life and poetry to Dr Syed Abdul Latif who brought out a paper in 1928 which undertook the job of cutting Ghalib to size. But, unfortunately for Dr. Latif his thesis did not have any effect whatsoever. On the contrary, Ghalib's popularity raced with acceleration over the three quarters of the century after Dr Latif's book first appeared in 1928. Dr Latif was completely forgotten over the years and his book "Ghalib, A critical appreciation of his life and Urdu poetry" remained buried with its author until recently, when a weird attempt was made by the publication division of Ghalib Academy to resurrect this book from the ashes with a valid justification for the reprinting of this book. But, alas, Dr Bijnauri's Mahasin e kalam e Ghalib is not to be found in the bookshops.

In fact there is such a plethora of literature now available in India and abroad eulogizing Ghalib. But there is yet not a complete English translation in verse of Diwan e Ghalib. As a result of a survey made by the Ghalib Academy, they found that no one had so far translated Diwan e Ghalib and that even if all the translations were lumped together, they would not cover the whole Diwan. Only recently an English translation by an NRI from America has come out as "Love Sonnets of Ghalib" but these are not in verse. Another sort of a translation is by Yousaf Hussain Khan which again is not in verse. Perhaps this is the first translation of Diwan e Ghalib in English verse.

Ghalib was a master of ghazal style in Urdu poetry. No one before him and none after him has acquired the craft as well as he has. He could write anything in this style. He could write an ode, a mercia, a long poem or an elegy in this style by appropriately manipulating his kafia and radif system. He has written in easy understandable Urdu. He has also written in difficult persianised verse difficult to probe even if the

meanings of all the words are before the reader. The choice of his medium depended upon what he wanted to conceal and the subtleness and depth of the thoughts he wished to convey to the readers. I have found his fans who wish to interpret and translate his verses pick up the easier ones and leave out the more difficult and deep ones. I have gone through the works of many critics and interpreters of Ghalib including Hali, Aasi, Taba Tabai, Sayeed, Josh Malsiani and Baqar and find different interpretations of his message in regard to his difficult verses. I have, therefore not hesitated in giving my own version of the meanings the master wishes to convey to his readers.

Ghalib was most outspoken, witty and straightforward especially where he did not stand to lose. He did not mind amusing the readers at his own expense. Ghalib was liberal, a catholic and secular to the core of his heart. He respected all religions and faiths and respected all others who were faithful to their beliefs.

A brahmin has died in the temple
Faithfully worshipping idols and images
Bury him in the Holy Kaba
For this, his unshaken belief.

The trait of humanism was in his blood.

How very difficult it is indeed
For each and every task to be easy
For any person to act as a human
Is not always given to man.

Ghalib had no respect whatever for the mentor and the preacher. He had no urge to crave for the heaven.

All Thy praises showered, O Zahid
By you on the garden of heaven
For likes of me its only a bouquet
In the niche forgotten.

Throughout his Diwan, Ghalib looked for tenderness and love. He looked for a lap where he could rest his head. He fled away from sex but still demanded tenderness from his beloved, which if denied, he would be content with her cruelty and her tyranny as an alternative. But he hated unconcern and indifference. He would weave a net for her, which she would use to entangle and ambush him. He was always prepared to face the Cupid's arrow and if somehow the target was missed, he would

fetch back the arrow for her to shoot again. He would coax his beloved to be more and more cruel to him and torment him by such cruelty. For only then he would be content by her increasing concern towards him.

Be more cruel, Oh my tormenter, was the refrain of his pleadings. He would plead with her again and again. His love poems are mostly addressed to his Divine beloved or to a moon-faced fairy with coquettish eyebrows and lashes and a stature which is slim, slender and cypress-like and the tresses flowing down below up to her feet.

His physical health and circumstances forced him into a world of dreams and imagination. He would not mind to borrow from his dormant fate a loan of some happy dreams. But his lingering fear was how he would pay back the loan in kind. With his book of verse and a glass of wine he would ever be with his beloved in the wilderness writing the tales of Laila and Majnu and Farhad with whom he moaned for the loss of his beloved. If ever the beloved, in anger, refused to serve him his drink, he would plead with her to pour a drink through his cupped palms or at the least to place the cup and the wine before him for him to enjoy its pleasure through his eyes.

Ghalib was not afraid of death. He wrote

> What a strange delight it is
> I walk before the hangman with ease
> With head held ahead by two steps
> Of the shadows of my feet.

And again

> Death was thus decreed for me
> "Dead, drunk in love" the epitaph read
> "Dead" is the only word destiny wrote
> Beyond this her pen did not proceed.

Ghalib was a lover of nature

> Manifest in a hundred ways
> Nature's beauty before you lays
> See its splendour and its style
> Should you have the strength to brave.

Different flowers have different hues
The tulips and roses and the jonquils
Whatever shades and colours they carry
They are a proof that spring is due.

And in another pensive thoughtful mood

Through, O Ghalib roots of a tree
The subsistence its branches seek
In the silence the thoughts breed
Till to fruition do they reach.

In a state of deluge, dirge and dejections in which Ghalib found himself he developed a world built on imagination and fancy. Though almost a pauper in actual life he ruled his world of fancy and imagination in his dreams. He reigned on his fancy realms as potentates and prophets. In his world of dreams cruelty is replaced by kindness, regrets give ways to joys. The drinker moulds his own exquisite wine cup and creates his own special Saki. The river itself comes to the thirsty. Adversity engenders the determination to live.

In the words of Ali Sardar Jafri, "to enjoy his (Ghalib's) poems it is not enough to know the superficial meanings. When read again and again, the words emerge as kaleidoscopic pictures. They become familiar like human faces and gradually reveal their personalities. The inner rhythm of their meanings emerges after the ears are used to their inner music. Then Ghalib's tavern would emerge before the readers' eyes as the destination of perfect humanism and complete freedom. And it is then that the pages of the Diwan would light up with Ghalib's thrilling creatures of imagination. His beloved would smile through the words and the world would become more beautiful and men would command greater respect."

Many a splendour, that was Ghalib

❀ ❀ ❀

MIRZA GHALIB IN ENGLISH VERSE

1

i

Wearing the robes of paper sewn
I come before Thee for Thy boon
My picture is only an apology wrote
Before Thy subtle style and mode.

ii

These my dreary melancholy nights
The solitude is still more woe-betide
It is like digging stream of milk
By young Farhad to win his bride.

iii

Irrepressible it is indeed
My intense desire to die for Thee
While it is still in the scabbard
Lo! The sword shakes in greed.

iv

Let my words and verses be
Wider than as wide can be
May the phoenix oft repeat
Its everlasting cycle's spree.

v

The Heavy air of prison cell
My soles burn with rage like hell
The loops of chains seek to blow
Like Ghalib's singed hair aglow.

2

With souvenirs and with the gifts of wounds
The mentor comes, with him he brings
Hurrah to you, Oh my dear Asad
He comes with heart sores and with stings.

3

i

No other lover except for Qais
Could the broad wilderness traverse
With its myopic jealousy stung
The vision of Sahara was all blurred.

ii

A black scare was on my heart
Which in drudgery I had got
Smoke of misery had it effaced
Obliged to this smoke was the scar.

iii

In my dreams, Of You I thought
Of You alone were my gain and loss
When now awake I open my eyes
And find no gain and no loss.

iv

In my heart's coaching school
Learning of love to me eludes
Despite the oft repeated rote
No where comes to me love lore

v

I always felt without a robe
In all the garments that I wore
At death, at last the shroud has covered
All those scars of sins I bore.

vi

What is this way to die in love
Farhad struck the axe on the head
When only a deep grieving gasp
To end the life of Asad is enough.

4

i

If you find the heart I lose
You say you shall not return
Its clear from the way you chose
To my harem you shall come

ii

Love is such a source of joy
It has brought to life a comedy
It gives a remedy for all pains
And also pains sans all remedy

iii

This heart is not a real friend
It sympathizes with the villain
My sigh does not heal it now
My shriek puts it to disdain.

iv

How innocent and still so coquettish
How happy, plain and still so clever
In such a casual forgetful manner
She seeks to probe her own paramour.

v

Come spring ! Now the bud is blowing
Again my heart is over flowing
It may soon now start to bleed
Then lost forever, thus aggrieved.

vi

How often have I searched for Thee
But ever it has been in vain
Wherever I looked for my heart
Forever with Thee it had lain.

vii

Forever sprinkling salt on sores
The garrulous preacher comes to implore;
What would be in this his gain
Pray go to him and ask him now.

5

i

Such raging pain in my heart
Somewhere deep well concealed
As if it was a smoldering fire
Burning quietly unrevealed.

ii

No more do I relish now
All those memories of my love
For now I have burnt my all
In the obsession I got lost.

iii

I am in the world beyond
That cannot be at all perceived
Why the phoenix's feathers burnt
By a deep sigh that I did heave.

iv

Such a heat that they produced
All my thoughts and their worries
By mere thought of waywardness
The entire forest was in ashes.

v

I shall not bare my dear heart's
All its untended crop of scars
The master of the crop is dead
Who'll show the scars, alas.

vi

All the feelings of dejection
And my loneliness, Oh Ghalib
It burns my heart when I watch
The world is so gay and glib.

6

i

Never a lover has any means
To attend to his love's pleasures
See that Qais Is ever shown
Always naked in the pictures.

ii

Even the wound did not support
How much narrow was the heart
See the fast refulgent arrow
Piercing through it had passed.

iii

The candle's smoke, the flower's scent
And also the wailing heart.
Whoever has parted with thee
Is all defused and distraught.

iv

Well laid on the table were
All festive dishes of heart sores
For all my friend to feast on
To their tastes and their accord.

v

To lay his life for his love
Is ever considered most difficult
But my courage loves hardness
I find my death an easy task.

vi

Again my weeping heart, oh Ghalib
Is in tumult and uproar
What was only a drop of blood
Is now a storm of yonder shore.

7

i

How can he be ever a true lover
Who falls merely under a fray
Love is indeed a continuous struggle
Which requires most courage and brave

ii

Death has ever so haunted me
During my entire course of life;
I have been ever pale as never
Before my life took off its flight.

iii

Compilation of prescriptions
Of faithfulness of love in life
The sum total of all my thinking
Is still the same bits and bites.

iv

There is now a stream of blood
Starting from the heart to the liver
In former times it was only a deck
Of fulness of colorful flowers.

v

The phantom of all my heart sores
Has persisted now without a break
The heart breaks and is no more
But still to reckon is the heartache.

vi

My near and my dear ones
Could never cure my waywardness
My thoughts even in the prison cell
Were wandering in the wilderness.

vii

This, the dead body of Asad
Is now without a shroud even
May God bless his soul however
For he was indeed a grand old man.

8

i

Counting them all one by one
These rosary beads till the last;
What a joy she gets to hold
In her hand a hundred hearts.

ii

My own perpetual despondency
Has relieved me of all my despair
Whatever difficult problems I had
Shall now remain ever resolved.

iii

Intent to kill her paramour
Feigning desire for a garden stroll
Pleased with blood colors of the petals
Strewn there as if blood drops roll.

9

i

Fidelity till now has acquired never
A satisfactory picture ever
Yet the meaning of this word
Has so far suffered embarrassment never.

ii

Guarding like a venomous snake
Over the emeralds in the meadows
The revolting curls of your locks
Have ever refused to yield and bow.

iii

I wished to die to be forever free
From fidelity's all inflictions
But alas! She did not respond
Even to my this prescription.

iv

If this life does not lead
To the road to my God
I shall then be fully content
With my wine cup and its abode.

v

I am fully content with my lot
Without any promise you may swear
I have never been used to hear
The nightingale's musings in my ears.

vi

Whom do I complain, oh tell!
Of my utter lucklessness
Although I had prayed to hell
How I wished I was dead.

vii

Oh Ghalib her soft trembling lips
Make me shudder for my life
There was nothing that could cure
The shiver in my legs and feet.

10

i

All Thy praises showered, oh Zahid!
By you on the garden of Heaven
For likes of me its only a bouquet
In the niche forgotten

ii

These cruel lashes of her eyes
My bleeding heart can ill describe;
Every drop of blood I shed
Is a coral of her rosary thread.

iii

All my laments of her inflictions
Could not yield in submission
Between my teeth the fiber held
The flute-like wails of emissions.

iv

Should the world so allow
To me the leisure now to show
On every scar of my heart
There a sapling of cypress grows.

v

Thy splendor oh my dear love,
So affects the hall of mirrors
As morning sun's rays do have
Spread the dew drops on the petals.

vi

Within my constructive being
There is a shape that destroys
As lies in the farmer's sweat
All the cloud's powerful ploy.

vii

There grows in my wretched heart
Weeds and shrubs of loneliness
I depend on the gardener now
To come and pluck all such herbs

viii

In my quiet veins are afloat
A myriad wishes that are on fire
I am the candle which is put off
And struck there on the grave of desire

ix

Why did she appear in my dream
Visibly gay and also blushing
With my rival at night, it seems
She has been then quitly sleeping.

x

My wretched heart is a lonely cell
In the great prison of Ceaser
But there is yet a ray of hope
Still left for this dejected lover

xi

Alas! all these tears in your eyes
Whoever is unmoved by the sight
The world is slipping under the feet
It fills my heart with a fright.

xii

You are well aware, oh Ghālib!
Of mortality and annihilation
They all now sum up the constituents
Of the Creation's bewilderments.

11

i

My wanderings in the wilderness
Unperturbed by my weary feet
Advancing steps in the field of love
Shall keep pace with bubbling zeal.

ii

I have loved my garden once
But now that love is no more
All of its sweet scent now
Is stinking like a dirty whore.

12

i

I am deeply immersed in love
And yet I like the ravishing living
I pray for the lightening to fall
I am unmindful of all my losing.

ii

My thirst persists, oh dear saki!
Thy will to pour is a dream.
Now I am only a withering bank
Standing before Thy yawning stream..

13

i

You have really not conceived
The musings of your inner life.
The outer shell does not reveal
The real instruments and their style.

ii

The fading morning dawn's colors
Lend themselves to the blooming flowers
Why is thy face too so flushed
Giving impression of night's hangover.

iii

It pains me to see you stare
At my rival so hard in vain
Cast your glance at me, oh dear!
With all of your tender names.

iv

This reticence in my grief
Which has brought solace to me
For else I am an easy morsel
For that my dame sans mercy.

v

With the glasses that are clattering
And flowing is some wine strong
The drunken ones are dancing high
With their glasses on their horns.

vi

My heart is now imploring further
For my nails to go and scratch
These my sores have still remained
Wholly unbaked and unopened yet.

vii

The pains of my lonely being
Oh Asad I am robbed like hell,
Buried in his heart are now
Many a secret priceless jewel.

14

i

The poetic arts to promote
His Royal Highness holds the court
May God now bless his soul
And keep open his treasures' doors.

ii

At the onset of the eve
Come a galaxy of the stars
From the temple gates ajar
Emerge all the renowned bards.

iii

With a knife in her hand
And a dagger at her side
would she treat my lovesickness
Or would I now have to die.

iv

I do not understand her talk
I cannot even fathom her heart
But is it not enough for me
She allows me to gain some start.

v

Your blazing beauty, oh my love;
It has possessed all my thoughts
Lying dead in my grave
With heart and soul and body all.

vi

With a veil on your face
Never is seen such a grace
The flying tresses and the veil
Add to one another's craze.

vii

She wanted me to guard her gate
I was excited indebted great
Before I could my bed unroll
She came and sacked me in a haste.

viii

While the night is pitched dark
Curses are showered from ways all
Of all the nights, only tonight
Looking away are all the stars.

ix

How can I be happy here
With the tragic tales that come
How oft do I get the word
Of love-shorn message from my home

x

The august gathering I am in
Blessed why I shan't be, Ghalib
With gates of heaven open now
How kind shall my God be.

15

i

My night's woes produced heart sores
Which had such a dire effect
Melting the very clouds by their heat
Producing whirl winds on the shore.

ii

She was to come to meet me here
But excused herself due to the showers
Such tears that my woes then shed.
My pillow was now a foam of flood.

iii

While busy in self adoration
She weaved pearls in her hair
But I am shedding so many tears
To blur my whole vision there

iv

The stream's water has bedecked
All the rows of flowers there
Both my eyes were then filled
With the flow of bloody tears

v

While her head was on her pillow
Sleepy, dreaming and reclined
My aching head was looking for
A very hard rock to strike.

vi

My deep heaving lit the candles
Of her ever joyful company
Refulgent flowers were sprayed
On the floor her kin were sitting

vii

From the floor to the heaven there
Colorful gaiety was in flood
But here from the earth to sky
There is all-round drought and sludge.

viii

My heart's desire to get licked
Produced only a few blood drops,
My nails were the only ones
Enjoyed scratching the heart sores.

16

i

There was no effect, last night
Of wails and woes of my heart
My restlessness then proved to be
A blessing for my rival's plot

ii

Onrushing devastating floods
Give a pleasing music to hear
And for the lovers' house burning
A Jal Tarang is playing there.

iii

In this penury I pride in
I value my renunciation
With contentment ever reigning
And ever resting in a bed of mink.

iv

My maddening love proved to be
Incomplete and ineffective
The sun's rays and particles
Like adversaries were blowing hot.

v

How come! Today you do not care
For loved ones to you are dear
While up to the day before
Full of trust for them you were.

vi

Remember the day, O my love
When this, your devoted slave
In your service each minute
Was waiting with his eyes awake.

vii

Ghalib was restrained by me
Though he was intent and inclined
To stir all his wet nerves there
And to raise all hell and heaven.

17

i

Each and evary drop of blood
of my liver I have owed to her
it is flowing through my eye sight now
And I have to account for it all.

ii

What gave me glimpse of your splendour
You have also broken that mirror
Thrown out of the city of desires
I am deprived of all that pleasure.

iii

I wander in your lane alone
Taking too my corpse along
Somewhere you may have a glimpse
Of a dejected lover gone.

iv

Stirring thoughts of faithfulness
In illusion's land are so sweet
And every corner of this land
Is now resplendent and full of glee.

v

How little had I known then
The worries of my own heart
As they have disappeared now
Life's worries have made a start.

18

i

How very difficult it is indeed
For each and every task to be easy
For any person to act as human
is not always given to man.

ii

My miseries wish to lead me to
Complete collapse of my house hold
The drippings on the walls and doors
Are sure signs of a house forlorn.

iii

Overwhelming and insane
My crushing desire for thy sight
Every time that I have come
Every time I am surprised.

iv

The inviting glances of the beloved
Beckoning the lover for the looks
Even the steely mirror surface
Evokes a desire for the brows.

v

The sight of the assassin's sword
Like Eid's sign of new moon
Oh come, give they lover a shot
To enjoy the murder of his desires.

vi

All my desires of fun and fair
Shall go with me to the grave
Whereas you will stay to enjoy
Your own world a hundred ways.

vii

Joy of broken heart to pieces
Sustains my own desire for wounds
Taste of sores of my heart
Enhances when is mixed with salt.

viii

She had promised to give up
All cruelty after she had murdered
She has now relented, alas
When at the time I was no more.

ix

The collar of the mad lover
Pity the rags they were once
But now these are, Oh Ghalib
The riches of the lover forgotten.

19

i

The wine was filled to the brim
The heads were too rolling stiff
The wait for Saki was bewitching
The night was full and gripping.

ii

A step to wilderness produced
Euphoric display of possible modes
Of stages of the road to heaven
And the paths to the oracles.

iii

Her wanderings in the unknown
It was Laila who had not found
Her own sweet heart that was Majnu
Who was roaming there all around.

iv

With henna on her handsome palms
Euphoric smell of powder balm
With her coquettish disposition
She was indeed a killer's psalm.

v

The woes of my heart's pains
Like paper wafers in air strewn
Come to memory of my wails
Like a book of obituries written.

20

i

What heeling touch, oh my friend
You will now to me provide
By the time the sores will heal
The nails would grow up then to bite.

ii

For your lover your unconcern
Has now reached such an extent
When I narrate my woes to you
Absently you say "What then.?"

iii

The preacher comes to have his say
Though he is welcome all the way
For what purpose he has come?
What would he discourse upon?

iv

I do carry my own tombstone
And carry it to my holed grave
Why should she now hesitate
To come and have a go and slay

v

The preacher has barred the way
To my quest for the love
Is this the way to guard away
A lover deeply mad in play.

vi

Do I need any chains, my dear
When your curling locks are here
Bound by thy love, Oh my love
Of these bars I have no fear.

vii

In this dense population, Asad
Faithfulness is indeed a myth
Even if I live in Dilli
How would I here subsist.

21

i

To win you over, Oh my beloved
Fate had not thus decreed
I would be waiting still if allowed
Some more life to me in lease.

ii

Knowing well you would not keep
Your promise by which I had lived
I would have died with ecstasy
Had I a bit of trust in it

iii

What delicacy you have got in you
Is it enough to keep it glued?
The ties of love between us two
They would break if its not true.

iv

Some one should now come and ask
About the half drawn arrow you shot
It would not have such soulful stirrings
Had it fully pierced the heart.

v

Boast of friendship, what is this all?
A friend should come in a mentor's garb;
Who would share with me my woes?
And who would heal my wounded soul?

vi

From stones' veins, the dripping blood
Would their bleeding ever stop?
If what you consider to be a sorrow
A lightening flash should now befall

vii

Life rending is a sorrowful task
But always to fend there is a heart
If there was indeed no heart broken
There would still be a living to bask.

viii

Whom should I now tell my tales
Of my haunting nights and days
If I have to die just only once
Let that day be just today

ix

In the river stream I should drown
When on me my fate had frowned
There would be no funeral for me
No grave for me would be found.

x

Unique and peerless He is no doubt
Nowhere in the world can He come out
Had He any of the dualism in Him
Somewhere, sometime He would be found.

xi

The mystique in you, Oh dear Ghalib
Your style is so unique and fine
You would be a saint indeed
If only you had given up your wine.

22

i

Lust for life in this world
Has many pleasing demands to make
What pleasure would be there in living
If death in life has no scare.

ii

What is the use of your feigning
Of your ignorance in love play
On every move that I make
"What is all this?" You then say.

iii

Your sweet attention for my villain
I have to tolerate day in and out
Whenever I have complained to you
From that too you have protested out

iv

I now demand, oh my dear love
Your undiluted attention for me;
This your patient indifference
Is also testing my patience.

v

My rival's advances for your attention
Are only like the stems alight
A talk of faithfulness by him
Is wholly alien to his diet.

vi

Every breath of my own being
Is ever drowned in deep ecstasy
Why should I then come to complain
Of Saki's indifference to me.

vii

I am after that pure aroma
That comes to me undiluted
The wandering breeze laden with
The rival's stench not interests me.

viii

Each particle of my being
Is the Almighty Himself
I am indeed His own blessing
Which does not need any stressing.

ix

Do not hesitate, Oh my killer
Draw thy dagger, and have a sway
The martyrs in their love battle
Do not for any mercy pray.

x

Oh thou frailty personified
Listen to me! Oh just listen
The voice of this dejected heart
Hear it now, if you can

xi

It is never given to a lover
To ever boast of a patient heart
The world will never have a lover
Who can be content at all.

xii

Can a beloved who is a killer
Be trusted for her every promise
And a lover who is ever humble
And ever powerless, ever dreaming.

xiii

Be this only be your diction
Suggestion or your subtle style
Oh Ghalib, you are so masterful
Of all whatever you do write.

23

i

No one can except me claim
Worth her punishment and disdain
Then what is wrong if I decalre
That I alone deserve my dame.

ii

Freedom loving, self-respecting
Forever to Thy worship disposed
I will certainly beat retreat
Should the gates of Kaba be closed

iii

No beauty compares with that of Thine
You alone are unique and divine
Then faced with any mirror ever
You do not show any image benign.

iv

Those your half closed sickly eyes
Compare well with my sickening strife
Pleasing is the comparison this
For me to be unwell just for the ride

v

The wails that do not rise to lips
Are only scars of this my heart
The tears do not form a stream
In the dust they are absorbed.

vi

The misery that has befallen me
I do not wish to share it all
The slog that has been my lot
No one else should share that flog.

vii

My tale of love and longing dear
Is indeed full of tears and smears
Its not tale of Sultan Hamza
Which is neither here nor there.

viii

You see an ocean in the drop
And a whole in the particle
Its only for the wise man alone
And is not at all a gaming sport.

ix

There was a strong rumor there
That Ghalib would be exposed now
We all went to watch the fun
But the drama had no show.

24

A mad vagabond I am Asad
Wandering like a rolling stone
With only the lashes of a stag
Which I use to scratch my back.

25

i

May I humbly bow to Him
To beg His piety and blessings
For a hundred blood stains that I bear
you give me my Lord, all these boons.

ii

Beauty which is so keen to play
No signs of disgrace it displays
Look at it in a hundred ways
So pure and fair it is always.

iii

Bestow upon me, Oh my Lord
All the beauty of Thy thoughts
That I should too become a lamp
Of light for the whole world.

iv

You restrained your hand and did not
Kill me for me to be a martyr
Which has left an unpaid debt
of unfriendliness over your head.

v

My complaining a dejected self
Must thank these my sealed lips
Such sympathy for me they invoked
As would be impossible if they spoke.

vi

They are all one and the same
My breathing here and in the garden
The aroma there is proof enough
of charm of my colorful songs.

vii

Unfaithfulness of my beloved
Is a matter of taunts and tales
Which have now reached the infinity
By the charm of gossip's nails

viii

Be not long in your woes,
Ghalib write a short epitaph
That you are a victim of her treachery
And sad as she decides to part.

26

i

If you now refuse to hear
The woes of my lonely nights
They will appear as black scars
On the face of Moon, she cannot hide.

ii

The haunting lonely nights I suffer
Bring such shivers in my spleen;
The moonlight that enters my home
Shall destroy every joy I dream.

iii

If I kissed her feet in her sleep
For her idolatry deep
I am afraid if she ever knew
She would stir in disbelief.

iv

Me thought the heart trustful was
In all the matters of my love
It did not occur to me at all
That put to test it would fall.

v

The whole world is in love
For my sake, oh my Lord
Your blessing would ever mean
The blessings of the whole world.

vi

A bad temper, if ever
Drowns in a patient river
Then like a spark in a stem
Blood in veins will disappear.

vii

Don't you take me to the park
For at the sight of my lot
The flowers shall shed such like tears
In their veins blood will appear.

viii

How will matters get settled.
Even on the judgment day
Till now we hope against all hopes
That they will somehow get settled.

ix

What is the use of all this
You are yourself wise, oh Asad
A foolish friend if you meet
Will surely land you in the gutter.

27

i

Never in debt to the potion
My heartache to me is so dear
Had the medicine done well its job
I would be loosing the heart-ache now

ii

Gather not my vaillains here
To laugh off my complaint to thee
Make it not a stage play now
Give it a real serious heed.

iii

Whither shall I go from here
For my martyrdom, oh dear
Why have you so clean declined
To try my neck with your knife.

iv

How slim and sweet are your lips
That have adorned your dear face
Having sworn hard on the villain
The villain says they have grace.

v

It is rumored she would come
To my home, she is welcome
But alas! To be her host
Even a sofa, there is none

vi

What an exalted dispensation
By the legendry king Namrud
Despite my very deep obeisance
I did not gain any of his boon.

vii

To Whomsoever I do owe
I owe it only to Almighty
Indeed this life is a debt
A debt I have not paid yet.

viii

Even when the sore was dressed
Yet the blood kept oozing out
To boot it when my work had paused
There was no way for it to restart.

ix

Is it robbery that you aim
Or is it only the usual love play?
You are keen to pick my heart
And after picking you walk away.

x

How come! There is no poem yet
Oh, Ghalib, from your stock today
I beseech you now to narrate one
before you decide to call it a day.

28

i

My love lore has complained now
Of this narrow minded heart
In this one pearl is condensed
The whole of the river's turbulence

ii

Though I am now well aware
That you would not at all respond
Yet bitten by my habit old
I will continue to write along.

iii

Spring is only at autumn's feet
A passing phase and too short lived
Likewise are the world's enjoyments
Withering forever with the winds.

iv

With this curse of loneliness
Do not ask for a garden stroll
What enjoyment will that give
When in affliction do 1 roll.

v

All my hair have now developed
The eyes that are able to see
How I long for Thy sight now
Give me vision oh Almighty

vi

In the very first instance
Her enticing did claim my heart
Have I any more now to give
For her demanding gestures all.

vii

Do not measure my sorrows
By the volumes of my desires
If you come to such a measure
My tears will form a full river.

viii

She comes to mind, oh Asad
When I look towards the heavens
For she has such an authority on me
As has lain with all the demons.

29

i

A drop of wine withheld its breath
Stuck to the glass, stunned thus
Forming a film around its brim
Like a thread to weave a pearl

ii

No trust does she repose in me
Believe it, it is my own undoing
Whenever my rival has heaved a sigh
My beloved has got angry with me.

30

i

Ready to leave for a pilgrimage
She packed all her pieces of baggage
My warm heart was overwhelmed
Its pieces got tied with her luggage

ii

The looking glass seems to give way
By her style and coquettish flare
And the wise and the discerning
Are only surprised by the glare.

iii

Full of hope and despair at once
My begging heart in dilemma's spell
Will she come or will she not
An arena of drama unfolds itself.

iv

My desire for thirst I cannot express
Despite my extreme love for her
A river in spate Ghalib can control
Not one unleashed in the banks of heart

31

i

I should come out of the tavern
Thirsty and without a drink
Though to abstinence I was sworn
then why did Saki not force one.

ii

Victim of the Cupid's arrow
Both my heart and liver as well;
When both of them are wounded thus
Both of them would be close so much.

iii

In your despairing lot, oh Ghalib
What to do except pity me now
When you had nails there weren't knots
With knots around, no nails at all.

32

i

My lonely home would still be lonely
Had I shed here all my tears
Bereft of any of the watershed
There would be a dry desert bare.

ii

Grudge not oh thou for its heresy
Though she has such a narrow mind
It would surely have withered away
If it was not in a bind.

iii

The keeper of the Heaven's Gate
let Him keep thy entrance too
By my life long abstinence
I would have gained my entry to you.

33

i

God will exist if nothing is there
Being is the apple of discord
Even if I did not here exist
What would then God have lost?.

ii

So insensitive of all my woes
No beheading would cause me pain
It would still be in my lap
If it was severed from my shoulders.

iii

Ghalib has now long been dead
But he is still remembered by all
How curious he has ever been
Of all and sundry in all his life.

34

i

Each and every spot of the garden
Adds to its beauty and its thrill
See the walk that runs it through
Like a stem of tulips and frills.

ii

Its only the wine that lends courage
To the awareness of tumultuous knowledge
Hinder not wine's flow and glow
By limiting the measures of my drink.

iii

The flower and the nightingale
How happy they are both together
Their maddening love's ecstasy
Would they die for each other

iv

Addiction to my poetic lores
Is just not a newly acquired chore
It is ancient in my habits and lures
to inhale its soot of candle smoke.

v

Though the chains are quite friendly
Why the heart is a rival now
A hundred times it is released
It has not bothered to bolt.

vi

The eyes that do not shed their tears
Of blood of my bleeding heart
Dust ridden such sight is a tavern
Forever seeking the flow of this smear.

vii

The garden looks charming
Is it due to my own heart
For whom the gathering clouds
Will raise their wine glass.

35

i

When she saw my wrinkled forehead
She took it for my woes concealed
Like awkward scribblings on a love letter
Have signs of dejection well revealed.

ii

A single line just appears
On the face of the shining mirror
As if on the collar of my jacket
There is a long withering tear.

iii

The worries of my love's woes
Have got on me such a hold
Choking thus my narrow heart
Like this prison's dark hole.

iv

Her quick stroll in the garden
And drops of sweat on her forehead
Have both led to my suspicion
They may be of rival's surprise gasp.

v

I myself added to her ill-temper
Prompted by my own shame
My failing pulse like a weakling straw
Withering away in burning flames.

vi

Facing fatigue and impotence
In my forward journey of love
At every step of this journey
I paused for breath and for rest.

vii

Victim of her eyebrows ever
Me thought it was a game plan
That they were the arrows of death
Little did I understand.

viii

You yourself palmed off your heart
To her, oh trustworthy Asad
Was it not indeed a blunder
To a heretic you trusted so much.

36

i

Tears flowing down the cheeks
Are so vivid in my memories
Again the liver and the heart
Are thirsting for such entreaties.

ii

Doomsday had just delivered
Mourning rites not yet over
The time of our parting there
Again reminded of the hour.

iii

Simply enmeshed once again
In thy woven net and game
Again the vivid bewitching glance
I am entangled in it again.

iv

Oh thou! O my heart's desires
Pray excuse my helplessness
No longer can my woe's banes
Can bear the brunt of liver's pains.

v

Life was possible without you
I would also have lived mine too
Why at all did I remember
The very path that led to you

vi

My fight with Heaven's Gate-keeper
For me to escape to your house hold
But alas! He would not allow me
To leave Heaven for your abode.

vii

Bereft of the liver's courage
Forced to deal with the heart
Which does not even dare complain
Reminding me of my liver's pains.

viii

Whenever I think of your lane
Where my lost heart had lain
Oh pray have some mercy on me
Do not remind me of my bane.

ix

More desolate than wilderness
Ah! This all my loneliness
When I think of the home I left
Compare it not with this distress.

x

Once in my youth, Oh dear Asad
I picked a stone to hit Majnu
About to fling the stone at him
My own head then stood in front.

37

i

Oh my darling why are you late
There must be a cause for the delay
My rival must have blocked the way
When you were indeed on your way.

ii

Complaining to you of my misery
Is indeed an injustice to you
My own misfortune that it was
Which saw my head in the loop.

iii

It seems you now forget me quite
May I help you to memorize
When you had gone for a shoot
I was the bait that you had tied.

iv

I now remember your curly locks
Round my neck like a block
But these heavier chains in the cell
Of feet and legs trouble me more.

v

Like a lightening you had come
And like a lightening disappeared
Alas! My thirst to have a word
Is still not quenched, oh my dear.

vi

I have dared to compare
Her incomparable beauty with others
Even though she did not mind it
But always I am reproachable.

vii

When I see my rival suffering
I do draw some pleasure from it
He too though is treated like me
But unlike me he gets his respite.

viii

Farhad too was a lover of style
Driven by mad love all his life
His too was not a mean occupation
Like all true lovers prepared to die.

ix

With in her firing range I stood
Prepared to lay my life for her
In her armour she had an arrow
Why then she did not put it on bow.

x

Why do angels themselves alone
Write our fate and then they frown
Let there too be a man along
To oversee all that is written down.

xi

Oh Ghalib, you are not the only one
To write their poems in this town
We hear there was one Meer too
Who was a poet of well renown.

38

i

With parched lips and thirst stricken
Stuck by melancholy and fiends
I am indeed the pilgrimage
Of all of such of my all friends.

ii

Stung by deceit, and by despair
I am such a prey in lair
Manifesting faith and frailty
A victim of greed and of glare.

39

i

Even though you have been
Cruel to all of your friends
The type of tyranny others were doled
Has not been to me ever given.

ii

Like the fabled artificial moon
Left unfinished by hand of fate
Before it touched the sun's splendour
It had got lost in the middle.

iii

Stature accords with fortitude
This is since when Adam has lived
Manifesting a pearl in the sea
A tear of love in the corner of eye.

iv

Until I had not even watched
Your gait and your stature tall
I was not convinced till then
Of your style and its grandeur.

v

Oh this simple heart of mine
Happy with all my beloved's nagging
The pleasure of love has not yet reached
Such a stage as to ask for repeat.

vi

The river of my sins got dried
For lack of flow in its stride
But alas, the fringe of my frock
Is not yet drenched to my delight.

vii

My scars of liver continued to singe
I draw up its gain whatever it brings
Till the house of fire, oh Asad
Had become the fire worm's hedging

40

i

She had stripped her beauty bare
Under the evening's chandelier's glare
Coy wax melting stripped the wick
Unclothing the nervous chandelier.

ii

The myrtle has grown for miles
Wherever a mad lover has died
The extent to which the lover starves
And dies to kiss his beloved's strides.

iii

Where lies any success in love
All desires have faced defeats
Its even a sign of sad demise
Even when two lips do ever meet.

iv

How can I explain to you
The sickness of my woeful heart
I am eating all its blood
The bile then makes it digest.

41

i

Seeing her own image in mirror
She was really taken aback
Though infatuation personified
She fell in love with herself.

ii

Pray do not kill the messenger
With your own lovely hands
Kill me with those hands instead
Who sent to you my message of love.

42

i

The only God that I worshipped
Does not brook my old love rites
The heart which once gave me pride
Is now no longer on my side.

ii

I am such a lamp put out
Unfit for Thy company benign
I keep with me such like scars
Of defeated longings and sad designs.

iii

Oh my heart, come now come
Search a new way to life's end
The palm of arm of your killer
Is not the same as you would want.

iv

The Supreme mirror reflects all
It does not distinguish at all
Between the perfect and imperfect
And the lowly and the high.

v

But for your imperfect vision
Before you lies quite ripped open
The veil that had once concealed
The euphoria of His beauty's dome.

vi

Even though I was absorbed
In matters of my livelihood
But never have I been unmindful
Of Thy blessings and their boon.

vii

Lost in my craving for
A stroll in the garden of faith
What is left is only a hope
Of burning desire for Thy robe.

viii

Oh Asad, You are not afraid of
Of hazards and the frailties of love
But the heart once you cherished
Is no longer the same heart now.

43

i

Out of jealousy I suspect, alas
My rival she is leaning towards
But wisdom prompts me otherwise
By nature unkind, she cannot be friend

ii

In every particle is manifest
A tavern of guile and hypocrisy blest
The wanderings of Majnu in wilderness
Are alone at Laila's behest

iii

Love is indeed the only source
of vintage pride and prestige in life
A particle sprawls into the Sahara
And drop sprouts to river through love.

iv

On my side there lives a fire ball
Which is now called the heart
It is a friend of all my wanderings
And a foe of all the friendships.

v

While you have loved your own mirror
I have my own lap for comfort
Therefore there is no scope for grudge
When each of us has another love.

vi

Farhad, O Asad was only a sculptor
By striking his head against the rock
Could he create a live Shirin
He had no such idea at all.

44

i

Description of her fairy face
In the words of my own verse
Sharing the secrets of my breast
He turned into my rival instead.

ii

Drowning in the flowing wine
In the company of my rival
Of all the days she chose this day
To put to test in me her faith.

iii

There beyond His scaling heights
How I wish I had a home
Could I draw another scene
Farther away from His throne.

iv

The guard of my beloved's gate
Is my old friendly mate
Whatever insult she now doles out
I shall bear it in a friendly way

v

How I will write any more
About my bleeding heart, its woes
The red fingers and dripping pen
To show them to her, let me go.

vi

It would have gone of all very well
By constant rubbings of obeisance
You need not have replaced at all
The stepping stone of your threshold.

vii

In order to block his back bites
I have taught him all my guiles
In his campaign to woo her now
He will approach her in my style.

viii

With no claims to the pinnacles of
Excellence of arts and wisdom in me
Why did heaven choose, Oh Ghalib
Now to be my own enemy.

45

i

I am such a collyrium now
To all and sundry available free
To adorn all their beautiful eyes
Forever they may feel obliged.

ii

Allow me dear to shed my tears
To lighten the pent up feelings I bear
Lest the concealed pains of mine
May show up on your face, beware.

46

i

Boast not vain man of your efforts
Towards your self aggrandizement
The grass mends its tresses of blades
Only when blessed with breeze and His Will

ii

Do not seek hope of pleasure
From the company of wine drums
Fugitive like all such joys
Are not lasting resorts of plums.

iii

At the time of the Doomsday
All my un-confessed sins will
He that is the Lord Almighty
May condone them with a grin.

iv

Thoughts of red wounds like the rose
Blossoming, bearing their fringes a-glow
To lay my life with such a glee
To the slaughter house, now I go.

v

Such a warm look, oh dear Asad
For which I am prepared to die
The moth alone is the witness whereof
Before the flame who does not shy.

47

i

Bestow on me all your tyranny
That you have now sworn to eschew
You have surpassed this limit too
When your face you have refused to show.

ii

Forever revolving days and nights
Forever moving the seven heavens
Something is sure going to happen
It may now be a very good omen.

iii

If you have for me dislike
To woo you then I shall try
When nothing is between us two
Where is the conceit and the guile.

iv

I gave my letter to the messenger
To my beloved to be delivered
Ah my God! See my madness
I stared moving with the messenger.

v

Let a bloody stream of terror
Flow on top of my head now
Never, never I shall never
Quit Thy very dear threshold.

vi

I have waited my whole life
For you forever ready to die
Now when I am already dead
What will God now do, O tell

vii

Lo! She has now from me enquired
Who for God's sake Ghalib was
Who can give a true answer
Is there anyone in this world.

48

i

A mix of finesse and dullness too
Is a must for the splendor to brew
The garden's greenery is only a rusting
Of nature's mirror surface with the dew.

ii

A river's tumultuous revolting flow.
Will it the brink of bank to hold
With the Saki pouring the drink
Sanity will not escape its blow.

49

i

A drop enjoys its own being when
It loses itself when drowns in ocean
When all our pains cross their limits
Then they provide their own ablution.

ii

As soon as I met with Thee
My luck snatched You away from me
Aborted all my efforts were these
As in a lock which has no key.

iii

My heart is like an obstinate knot
Which gives way when pressed a lot
Constant rubbings of it have now
Reduced the being of knot to naught.

iv

Even Thy tyranny is now denied
Oh Almighty! This is my plight
Faithfulness of the kith and kin
Has now suddenly turned hostile.

v

Puffing vapour from my mouth
Out of weakness and impotence
Is it not a process of nature
How water transforms its own form.

vi

To banish the thought from my mind
Of your dear henna clad palms
Is to me like removing the nails
From the flesh of my own hands.

vii

The shedding off of all their burden
By heavy clouds water laden
Like the tears flowing in a stream
From eyes of a forlorn lover released.

viii

If the fragrance of the flowers
Is not enamored by lust of thy lane
Why does it then mix with the dust
Of morning breeze to seek its aim.

ix

The steel too has its own desires
Which lend greenery to its shape
By rusting its own mirror surface
And thus causing a big surprise.

x

A gift of nature to enjoy display
Oh Ghalib! of the flowers' splendor
The beholder with the discerning eye
Must seek pleasure in all its colors.

50

i

Spring is now advancing fine
On the Zaphyr's wings of wine
Fill my duck shaped cup, oh dear
Fill it with the vintage vine.

ii

Mention not the ecstasy
Of the hangover of the grapes
Beneath the creepers' every shade
There is euphoria of the wine.

iii

Into the phoenix's busy sway
Of drinking more over the score
There is still a sense of joy
Of drowning in the stream of wine.

iv

The rains bode such a season
Without springing any surprise
The joyful self is so invoked
By the gladdening air of wine.

v

Floods of ecstasy doth emit
Four streams of joy benign
Joy of roses and joy of twilight
Joy of breeze and joy of wine.

vi

The very soul of vegetation
Is ever thirsty for a rainfall
So doth all the grapevines lend
Solace and life to the wine.

vii

Like the blood in the veins
It is running in the grapevine
Lending its own color sublime
Into the leaves of this wine.

viii

The sweetest scent of roses here
Has now crossed my flight of thought
And therein lies my imagination
Of bathing myself in red wine.

ix

Under the sway of alcohol
Wandering thoughts are running high
To let the rain run full stream
Urged thus by the score of wine.

x

See the verdant in the meadows
How it sways to and fro
In the sweet breeze of the spring
Under the red glow of the wine.

xi

In the tumult of existence
The season of flowers and of shine
The hilarious drops of waterfalls
Join the river in a spirit of wine.

xii

Listen Oh Asad, you are floored
By the sight of the red rose
The time has now come again
To offer you more and more wine.

51

i

Eaten by the moth brigand
Buried under the dust of sand
People wearing rings of diamonds
How sad it is to see their fingers.

ii

Ah! Your parting gift to me
More than enough I do deem
Apology concealed in your eyes
When you raised your one bare finger.

iii

I write my heartache in hot verse
Hot and full of fire, Oh Asad
Let the critique touch its word
He will surely burn his finger.

52

i

Till up to the doomsday
Can any one ever survive?
Nay perhaps not till that day
His own death, no one survives.

ii

The love seeks its sustenance
From the blood of the liver
The Almighty too generally addresses
All His flock to live and survive.

iii

I am prepared to die for love
Compare me not with the rival
Pay me the compliments, Oh Lord
Which I need most to survive.

iv

Lacking ability to comprehend
Inner meaning of things around
Make the best of what is outside
For it will also help to survive.

53

I shut my eyes after a wink
Oh Ghalib! The time was not yet mine
Friends brought her to my bedside
Just at the nick of time.

54

i

Soft tender hair have appeared
On the fair cheeks of my friend
Have they now reduced the charm
Of those very cheeks of my friend.

ii

Oh Thou! My impatient heart
A little restraint you must observe
Can anyone here now withstand
The glare and radiance of my friend.

iii

So much enthralled that I was
By your majestic stately walk
The bearings of my own den then
I lost completely, oh my friend.

iv

The stalking rivalry of my foe
Was the undoing of my love
I have been targeted by my rival
Instead of by my own dear friend.

v

My own eyes are real bright
To please the heart of my beloved
While I drink my own blood
Full of wine is the cup of friend.

vi

My rival comes to condole me
On my separation from my love
As if he is a well wisher too
In the company of my friend.

vii

My rival wishes to reveal to me
That he too has approach to her
He says she asked him to tell me
That she will stick to her friend.

viii

Whenever I have complained to rival
Of my infirm thinking power
The opportunist that he is now
He praises the tresses of my friend.

ix

Whenever my rival finds me aside
Quietly crying in a corner
The rival gives a roguish smile
Reminding the coquettish jibe of friend.

x

Do I thank you for complaining
Against the misdeeds of my rival
Or do I draw a sneaking pleasure
Of my own demeaning friend.

xi

Oh Ghalib! I have liked this gazal
I have liked it so very much
For there is a repetition in it
Of this pious word of friend.

55

i

A new management the garden has
Welcome her for a stroll today
Turtle dove chains secure the gate
To ensure her peaceful stay today.

ii

A piece of my own heart now
Comes out with each of my wails
The strings of the breath that I have
Have a deadly sting today.

iii

Oh peaceful stance now get aside
And tranquility, vanish away
The flood of tears will destroy
The walls and doors of house today.

56

With the fond hope he will get well
To the love sick we have to tend
But if he does not get well, then
The doctor himself will need some treatment.

57

i

Do not draw your breath away
From the company of your desires
If wine is not within your reach
keep your glass with you at least.

ii

I cannot find a discerning eye
To appreciate my talents here
Remove the pricking lines from mirror
Which mar the distinct signs of glare.

iii

You won't get love in complacence
Be up and doing, Oh my heart
Who has given you tips to bear
The nuances of the bedchamber.

iv

When the flower looks at you
With her yearning eyes, Oh dear
Never mind the rival's stares
Take a leap at wine and her.

v

With this seductive glance of yours
Pay back the trust that you owe
Concealed cover of liver sores
Draw the dagger of my woes.

vi

Unseen lies the vintage drink
In the chamber of my heart
Let there be a kabab along
Made too from the bird of fire.

58

i

She will be free to indulge
In flirting and coquetry after me
When I am gone and am no more
Infidelity shall rule after me.

ii

Wandering in love's wilderness
Who else will now meet this stress
Arts of coquetry and flirtation
May now be forbidden after me.

iii

When the candle of love is out
The smoke will rise to the heaven
Goddess of love in mourning robes
Will clad in black after me.

iv

My heart bleeds in my grave
On the plight of beauties' fate
No more the cravings of their nails
For blood and henna after me.

v

Who else is there to appreciate
Her lovely collyrium filled eyes
When now she has stopped to use it
Who will praise them after me.

vi

My madness with its own kin
While they go to bid farewell
Who shall now tear his breast
And who will now wail after me.

vii

With a glass of wine in hand
The Saki offers to each he can
Let a true lover stand and rip
From the cup now after me.

viii

In this sorry state I sink
For there seems to be none like me
To condole faith in all his love
And then be its equal after me.

ix

May I shed some tears, Oh Ghalib
For love is so helpless now
Who shall now face its flood
When death overtakes after me.

59

i

My sight is capable of a flight
Which can transcend walls and doors
It does not impede my beloved's view
On account of these walls and doors.

ii

The sorry plight of my abode
Rendered by my tears and woes
From floor to roof are all in flight
In rambles are its walls and doors.

iii

Good news is she comes to meet
No shade is left to cover her head
Bowing before her so to greet
On their knees are the walls and doors.

iv

The red wine flowing in the street
Making heavier all eye brows
See in the light air to and fro
Swinging all the walls and doors.

v

With the pent up desire to wait
Come my dear, come hither to mate
Beckoning are the shopping waves
Bedecked are the walls and doors.

vi

The flood of woes does not abate
I did nothing for it to negate
In helplessness though I was morose
On my toes fell walls and doors.

vii

In my neighborhood she made abode
To cast her shadows over my floor
I see her footsteps often now
Over her wall my walls and doors

viii

It pains to see the pomp and show
Without you the house is a-glow
Ever shedding the tears to see
The overflowing walls and doors.

ix

The onrush of the flood is such
It fills my heart with gay applause
Look, there dancing on the floor
Are the crumbling walls and doors.

x

To no one you have so disclosed
That Ghalib is now no more
You tell the secrets of my love
Tell only to the walls and doors.

60

i

I have now built my abode
Without consent at your door
How can you now confess
That you know not my address.

ii

How would I know now her lot
Till she reveals her own heart
For I have lost the poetic strength
Which once discerned the heart's content.

iii

Cruel and sans mercy ever
Known thus the world over
I have now thrown my lot
With such a one, Oh my God.

iv

I do not harbor any ill will
How would otherwise I'll be still
No matter the head stands or falls
Forever there will be a straight talk.

v

She is indeed my idol
I shall ever worship her
I do not care if the world
Calls me idol worshipper.

vi

Use of words 'sword' and 'dagger'
Are poets' inalienable satchel
How else then to describe the glow
Of coquettish wiles and wild eye brows.

vii

Do not talk of love divine
And mention not the Sublime
Can the life bells ever chime
With out the notes of cup and wine.

viii

I am indeed hard to hear
I hear with extra bit of care
Every time to make sure
I request to repeat, repeat Oh dear.

ix

Your repeated petitions to your Lord
You need not now remind at all
For He knows all your woes
Oh Ghalib, patience you should hold.

61

i

Envious of my own searching eyes
Which left me crestfallen and surprised
Over her beautiful blazing cheeks
I should have fallen and then died.

ii

Emitting breaths of fireballs
How often been seen in such enthralls
A fire worshipper, to me they call
By all and sundry of this world.

iii

What is the role of a love lore
In a world full of frail dolls
Why must I stop to see in world
Your anger which is without a call.

iv

With the intent to murder me
She comes hither with such vengeance
But I am now already dead
When I see the dagger in her hand.

v

Over the neck of wine flask
Mankind's murder rests at last
Over Thy swaying gait, my love
Trembles all the grapevine glass.

vi

She saw me enjoying my own peril
She restrained her hand forthwith
Alas! Why was I so restless
For her to change her mind that instant.

vii

I sell my soul to such a person
Who is a true lover of art and wisdom
But where is the buyer of artfulness
Who appreciates my arts and craft.

viii

Be it the holy thread in life
Or a hundred rosary beads strewn
But water on the ground takes
Always the course of least resistance.

ix

Seeing the sores under my soles
How very restless then I was
I am delighted now to behold
So many thorns on the road.

x

The rustings of mirror of my heart
Seem to make such like image
Arousing suspicion of an admirer
Taking refuge in my heart's corner.

xi

The heaven's lightening shall fall on me
And not on the Mount Senai
I am the one to fill the flask
Of wine to drink as I like.

xii

Seeing the wall of your house
It reminded me of my head
Which in frenzy and dismay
Ghalib has often hit to break.

62

i

Trembling that I won't last long
Scared of the heat of the sun
That is a drop of dew I am
Struck on desert's tip of thorn.

ii

By the white of Yakub's eye
The prison cell is painted white
Why then Yousaf did not leave
His house adorning craft a while.

iii

Knowing not the alphabets
Of the language of this love
While Majnu was a novice then
I have been enjoying a full cup.

iv

If pieces of my heart had acquiesced
To sprinkling of the salt on sores
What was then the need for me
To look for some ointment for them.

v

Faithful who has ever been
In the realm of field of love
Such a one is never seen
Such a sweetheart pray find out.

vi

Painting the clouds in blood red
On the eve of sunset's glow
Reminds me of my parting with you
When red rained in the garden of rose.

vii

The flight of desires soars high
Nothing is left now of the day
My doom is only a swift wind
Blowing the martyr's dust away.

viii

Oh dear Ghalib do not quarrel
Over the mentor's harshness now
You do not have a say after all
In keeping your own collar clean.

63

i

Her every new style and gesture
Has a new meaning concealed
Whenever she has love for me
With a pinch of salt I treat.

ii

She has no grasp of what I mean
Nor an inkling of what I will
My Lord give her another heart
Or else to me another beak.

iii

Her seductive glance does not owe
Even remotely to her eyebrow
This is an arrow in her armour
Which is drawn on another bow.

iv

Now when I am in the town
Bitten by your nagging frown
From the bazaar I shall get
Another live heart for this clown.

v

Many experts are in the town
In idol breaking no equal known
But they have still yet to clear
In me a very heavy stone.

vi

Had I many eyes to weep
Pressure of my tears to release
Shedding blood through all those eyes
They would never stop to bleed.

vii

I am dying to hear your sound
No matter mine is a fatal wound
"Strike again, Oh pray strike again"
To executioner your words rebound.

viii

Every day I show to people
A new latent heart's fissure
The people on the other hand
Mistake it for sun's new blister.

ix

If I had not given my heart
I would still be living in peace
But if I live any longer now
I will only lament and weep.

x

When I do not find my path
Then I give myself some wine
My tender nature gets stirred
Then there is a flow of rhyme.

xi

There are other bards in this world
Who are quite eloquent indeed
But people say Ghalib is unique
Who has a different stance and speech.

64

i

Even virtue whenever static
Changes color and stagnates
Just as a good steel mirror
Is ever stunned and is rusted.

ii

Resources of luxury and of rank
My waywardness they did not wipe
Even the emerald cup of wine
Appears to be in panther's stripe.

65

i

Support to my madness comes
When I am stripped all naked
Oh! Tear away my gown and collar
For this, Thy life long debt on me.

ii

Burning paper in magic frenzy
Likewise turning and then twisting
The intensity of my heart's pains
A thousand images thus producing.

iii

Treasures that are so far plundered
Have still been a debt on the robber
So does the sky which still owes us
All our present and past pleasures.

iv

Stealing through the crevices down
No evil eye is the beam of light
Falling on her naked beauty
No need for her to grudge it now.

v

In search of self realization
Burn all desires of your life
Destroy your ego fully then
Burn it on the grate straw like.

vi

What a victim Asad you are
You go to the killer just to tell
"Exercise your craft, or else
Its blame will rest on your neck"

66

Thy tyranny now I am glad to woo
How expedient now it shall prove
So handsome are in love with you
One such may be my lot too.

67

i

I too would have gone with you
Had you waited for me some more
Now when you have gone without me
Till I catch up you stay there alone.

ii

If I go on rubbing my head
Forever in obeisance on thy door step
My head shall surely wither away
Leaving the stone forever intact.

iii

What a short life you have lived
What was the hurry for you to leave
No one has lived forever though
Still you should have lived some more.

iv

While departing you did promise
That we would meet on doomsday
What is this day that you have left
Could it not be any better, oh pray.

v

Oh yes! Thou old dear heaven
What a youthful lad to die
You would surely not have lost
Much if Arif was still alive.

vi

Full moon of my wonderful nights
Why you left me in this plight
You changed the whole of my abode
You should still have remained some more.

vii

So discreet in your dealings
That when He came to claim His doe
The Angel Death for thy life
You could have parried for some more.

viii

Despite your dislike for this man
And after quarreling on Nayyar's stand
What have children to do with these
To partake in the games like these.

ix

You spent your life here anyhow
With its pleasures and with its pains
But why did you leave so young
Surely some more you could remain.

x

How unwitty, oh Ghalib you are
After Arif you are still alive
But for a few days' more you have
To harbour your own desire to die.

68

i

I am not free from love's worries
Even when I am in my grave
The shining scars on shroud's scarf
Are like early morning sun marks.

ii

My heart's sores and its scars
Are the riches that I had lost
Priding and bragging of lost wealth
Are his wares the flower seller sells

iii

There is now no blood left
In the flask of my liver
But the yawning heartless beloved
Is still seeking blood more and more.

69

i

The magic of supplication
Doth not now adversity solve
Ask not for a perpetual life
Given to Khizr, the ageless god.

ii

Aimless wanderings in the desert
They are nothings but illusions
The ups and downs of your life
Are all in life what you imagine.

iii

Vision of the beauty's radiance
Is only its own realization
But where is pray now the patience
To even wait for its appearance.

iv

Each particle of love's existence
Is now the sun's worshipper
Even after one is gone
The beauty doth manifests ever.

v

What an empty dustbin it is
This the sky bowl agape
Do not even ask, oh Ghalib
Of maddening wanderings in the space.

70

i

Wandering clouds laden with
Blisters under the soles paining
Such is nature's vast umpire
Gems and pearls on earth raining.

ii

A pen and paper shall suffice
To set on fire the desert's face
Such is indeed the blazing heat
Of feet's soles when they race.

71

i

How very dear my idol I hold
Despite the heresy that it bodes
I still have my faith in me
I shall never abandon its fold.

ii

Has it now pierced the heart
Or is it still stuck there
The Cupid's arrow with point sharp
Is still so dear to my heart.

iii

Oh Ghalib! have some patience now
You shall indeed have to face
The matter before you is though fatal
But you also have your life to save.

72

i

Neither blossoming of the rose
Nor an instrument of music
I am the sound of my echo
Echoing my own destitute.

ii

While you are busy in adorning
And setting your curly locks
I am concerned of possibilities
Of what the future holds in store.

iii

Boast not of thy simpleton heart
It is nothing but a camouflage
There is so much of emotion there
That it can bend the iron guard.

iv

Bound by your love so much
Though I am deeply tied to thee
Some more power to fly away
Is there still left in me.

v

When shall that day ever come
When you will be in my arms
And shower tenderness on me
Instead of mere coquettish charms.

vi

There is not a drop of blood
In my heart still stirring now
Which has not so far played
Eye brows' flowery games yet.

vii

Oh my love thy amorous glance
Has killed me in a single stance
How very cruel are you indeed
From head to fort I am slit.

viii

If this is thy manifest luster
My heartiest congratulations
I am indeed moved so much
Pray accept my facilitations.

ix

Oh my God, Many thanks!
You have enquired after me
For after all You are the Lord
And I am only a fief to Thee.

x

You are now though no more
Oh dear Asadullah Khan
Connoisseur of all beauties
You were indeed a very good man.

73

i

Longing for its captivity
The heart has a good news now
Before its eyes is an empty cage
Beckoning the prey for the bait.

ii

Thirsting for more and more
Never satiate to the chore
I have shed a stream of blood
For the desert's every thorn.

iii

My eyes closed just after a wink
Such indeed was my impotence
What a time you elect to come
To this your lover lovelorn.

iv

Instead of her slow moving tongue
Which had much slowed down my end
Had my beloved a sharper dagger
Which would slay me faster than.

v

I would rather happily go
Into the tiger's den for sure
Than stand before this wretched heart
For all its taunts and sores and scars.

vi

At your every sight, O love
An euphoria in the garden grows
On its own the advancing rose
Reaches the height of your turban close.

vii

Striking your head against the rock
Come Ghalib you are a mad man
She comes and sits well near your wall
Untill you end your life at last.

74

i

Your blazing cheeks, Oh my love
Would set the mirror on the fire
If they do not draw fresh moisture
From its own neighboring verdure.

ii

The growing beauty of my beloved
Will remove all love's hurdles
If the flame does not remove
The wick from under the candle.

75

Spreading its arms the new moon
Bids farewell as the sun departs
The rays of light of the evening
Determine thus the sunset's path.

76

i

The blazing cheeks of my beloved
Have caused the burning of the candle
Refulgence in her rose like cheeks
Is store of life's liquor of candle.

ii

There is death like silence in
The very beak of my own language
This fact was so high lighted
By the very tip of the candle.

iii

Spending thus the whole of its life
When it is so beckoned by the flame
The story of the life of the flame
Lies in the death of the candle.

iv

Oh dear flame! Why do you crave
For the love craze of the moth
When it waves alone it means
The infirm stature of the candle.

v

The very thought of you, oh flame
Gives my soul an ecstatic frame
The morning trembling breeze depicts
The lively enchantment of the candle.

vi

Do not ask of all my joys
Which I got in failings in love
What pleasure doth a lover obtains
In self annihilation of the candle.

vii

With my head at her shoulder
The burning flame is feeling jealous
Why shan't my heart here too get
Suspicious of fealty of candle.

77

i

My fear of exposure of love for her
May afford advantage to my rival
I do not therefore lose my senses
Due to these compulsions, alas.

ii

My heart burns and also repents
Why should I not burn at once
On my never ending breath
Emitting flames of sorrow, alas.

78

i

After hitting with the stones
The urchins spray on wounds some salt
They would but enjoy still more
If within the stones there was salt.

ii

Enough of your saltish gait
To enliven my wounded heart
Else, my dear there is no dearth
In this wide world of any salt.

iii

It is indeed a welcome deal
Commendable it is indeed
Among nightingale and roses
For the spicy joyful salt.

iv

To disturb peace and tranquility
For all the noise on shores of sea
The surging river meets the ocean
Raising sounds like foaming salt.

v

My heart sores now get a boost
Whenever she sees them and then smiles
She heaves a sigh with all her guile
Whenever she has a look at salt.

vi

To leave the wounded body of
The lover in the lurch is sad
The heart indeed seeks the wound
And the limbs a spray of salt.

vii

No one need oblige the lovers
For their own deep love sores
Slayers have pleasure in making wounds
And for the lovers a spray of salt.

viii

Don't you remember, Oh Ghalib
That in a height of ecstasy once
You plucked by your own eye lashes
From your wounds a spray of salt.

79

I

Ah! My sighs of desire to hold
Require a life time to unfold
Who will live till then to behold
Your tresses in my arms to roll.

ii

The gaping gasp of crocodiles
Chasing all the waves and whirls
See what transpires for a drop
To be transformed into a pearl.

iii

Oh my love, thy name is patience
But irresistible is my desire;
What should I do to my heart
Blood red may be my liver then.

iv

I admit that there is no doubt
That you will be so nice to me
But by the time you know of me
With my own dust I would be.

v

From sun's rays dew drops learn
How to vanish forever for love
On you depends all my existence
Bless me with thy graceful glance.

vi

Sprawling life for an over stay
Even if for an eye wink more
Thy warm kindness now I bask
Till the dancing sparks do last.

vii

For all the ills of life, oh Asad
A remedy doth death provide;
The candle burns in all its colors
Till the morning when it dies.

80

i

If you hope for a grant of prayer
Do not pray for an undue favour
Be discreet in what you aspire
Pray to God for a heart sans desire.

ii

Remind me not all scars of heart
Which on myself I had got;
Oh Lord do not seek an account
Of all the sins which form my stock.

81

i

How wounded is the nightingale
Hit by frailties of the rose
While busy in her normal musings
She is the laughing stock of the rose.

ii

To thee, Oh cool morning breeze
Accept my felicitations now
Breaking all the shackles of air
You carry the very scent of rose.

iii

Whoever had sight of you
Is slain by enchanting colors of yours;
Adding to your beauty more
Are petals in the periphery of rose.

iv

In deep love and inebriate
Of course how very fortunate
Is the lover who is able to keep
Head and all at the feet of the rose.

v

You have become my rival now
So much absorbed in it are you
But meant only for your joy
Is this the whole scent of rose.

vi

An empty flask without the wine
And the flower without the scent
Both of these frustrate me now
What is the spring without the rose.

vii

In awe of your majestic beauty
Defying me to look at others
It shall mean blood to me
Even the coquetry of the rose.

viii

To your glory till today
Such a misgiving we do owe
In their uncontrolled pursuit
Chasing other roses is the rose.

ix

Oh Ghalib, How much I do wish
Her to be in my embrace now
She is ever in my thoughts
With her sweet scent of rose.

82

i

For even a moment beyond our breath
We free lancers do never fret
From lightening we do often burn
The candle of our own tombstone

ii

Thought of parties ruined and spoilt
In our memories it still recurs
Accounted stints of card sharpening
Like some ancient magic god.

iii

There is nothing of life's tumult
In this lonely world of mine
Burning like a single moth
Around the bed chamber's candle light.

iv

I have given up all my desires
Through weakness and impotence
On manhood I am a big blot now
lacking in self confidence.

v

Buried deep in my wretched heart
Behind the bars thus imprisoned
There are lying a myriad desires
In Asad's mind so garrisoned.

83

To satisfy your own heart's needs
Its wails and woes you have to seek
The value of your chain's links
Is naught beyond their chiming steel.

84

i

I am amply spared by God
The blushes of my helplessness
In a foreign land away from home
He has decided to decree my death.

ii

Whither thou oh boast and bet
To be forever free of her net
Ready for ambush forever spread
By your locks and your tress.

85

From your dormant fate, O Ghalib
You draw a loan of happy dreams
But there is a lingering fear in mind
How you will pay it back in kind?

86

i

Happy memories of our meetings
And tearful moments of those partings
Where are all those nights and days
And months and years now gone away.

ii

Where is now the leisure here
To indulge in luxury of love play
Whoever now yearns to enjoy
Beauty of nature's own display.

iii

Heart bereft of all sentiments
The brain entertains no thought
Of weighing forms of beauty here
And striking bargains for each other.

iv

All the beauty of her being
Owed it entirely to my thinking
Where is now that thinking here
And where is pray the beauty there.

v

Shedding tears of blood from eyes
Is not an easy task at all
Where is that strength left in the heart
The liver now too is an empty flask.

vi

Now never been to the gambling den
Which I used to often frequent
For this would require as before
Money and riches in pockets full.

vii

For all the worries of the world
I am ever scratching my head
Where is now the time with me
With the old affairs of love.

viii

With my slow instincts that are
Oh Ghalib! I am a shattered lot
Where is now the old strength
And where is now the confidence.

87

i

When you are so faithful to me
My rival will call you unfaithful
It is well known the world over
That good is ever termed an evil

ii

Taking my courage along today
I go to her to open my heart
See the fate of this errand
What I will talk on this call.

iii

Superstitious and old fashioned
Please do not at all blame them
Wine and music they consider
As means to subside their grievance.

iv

When it wakes up from deep slumber
My wails keep it company then
Is there any other remedy, oh tell
Which is potion for a wailing heart.

v

Beyond the bounds of perception
Lies object of my adoration
It isn't the 'Qibla' we are after
Which only gives us the direction.

vi

What compassion you have shown
To relieve the boils under my soles
By spraying thorns on the path
Which shall relieve the soles' sores.

vii

On every style of her coquetry
We have a word of praise for it
Let us see what in the end
The stage she is able to reach.

viii

Let us see how she will react
When we shower praise on her
Her each and every action and word
Evokes the name of God from us.

ix

Will there be an obituary read
On my grave when I am dead
Ghalib you go and ask them this
To my friends Asheefta and Wehshat.

88

i

A collar if not torn at all
Still tucked on the shirt intact
Is like a rose of no value
If in the garden it does not grow.

ii

I have shed so many tears
Of blood from my eyes so far
Whatever drops left still with me
Have also fled with my fading color.

iii

The particles of the sun itself
Have gathered in the beam that comes
Through the chinks of the wall
To enjoy the naked beauty of her.

iv

The curse of darkness of prison cell
Is adding to my woes like hell
A small slot of the morning light
Through hole of wall it does not come.

v

Love is the glory of this life
Without love nothing is ever right
If the flame of love is missing
The world is dark without light.

vi

I have tended to my wound
No matter if I had it sewn
Why does rival allege the taunt
That my joy is on the needle point.

vii

I am a victim of my love
She is the bride of springs pride
Bereft of dust on my grave
All over it only roses rise.

viii

Every drop now indicates
The onset of a new sore
The flair of my body ache
Free even my blood is not.

ix

Saki's pride was punctured
For I could well hold my drink
Neck of the flask that she held
Not a drop of wine there dwelt.

x

Under the pressure of my weakness
Infirmity has shown thus its trend
The body has lost all the strength
For its stature even to bend.

xi

Un-honored in his own home land
Unnoticed in a state of dearth
A handful of straw, Oh dear Ghalib
Unlikely to ignite any of my hearth.

89

i

On every wile of yours, Oh love
I tend to give my life forever
There is a dilemma of so many wiles
But to give up I have only one life.

ii

Every curl of your locks
Is sitting in ambush for my heart
And every hair of that curl
Is collyrium like a bait, so soft.

iii

Thousands of my wails and woes
Which my aching liver bemoans
But you are unmoved by them all
Which keeps my tongue tied in the mouth.

iv

Do not put my pride to shame
That I should have any chance to blame
The strings of love subsist so far
And God forbid they ever break.

90

i

Whenever you are to me so kind
You may call me at any time
I am not the time bygone
Which once gone will never come.

ii

Taunt of rival on my impotence
Is not a matter of much importance
I can bear it without surprise
Unlike the head which does not rise.

iii

To find some poison is not the same
As the finding of the beloved
Where is the fate that she be found
And whither the poison for me to take.

91

i

Be informal with me, Oh love
At my hour of drink, some day
Otherwise under pretext of drink
I will be naughty with you, some day

ii

Do not be so proud at all
Of your placing and high stature
The higher that you reach in end
The heavier you will fall, someday.

iii

Drinking ever with borrowed money
And always under a misconception
That my starving high hangover
Shall have some deep effect some day.

iv

Thy sad musings, oh my heart
May still be considered some blessing
For it shall be rendered voiceless, mute
By the sleight of fate, some day.

v

She is not the one to resort
To a mayhem which did happen
Ghalib, it was all your doing
That you were itching for some day.

92

A test of my faithfulness
Is not what she means at all
Its only a teasing playfulness
That she indulges in amusing jest.

ii

In what way can I feel obliged
In the treat I have met from Him
Without a word spoken ever
He ever keeps His flock in mind.

iii

She is cruel to me because
She knows cruelty is my love
For this alone she is kind to me
For never she would be unkind.

iv

Give me a kiss from your lips
Or else an abusing hiss would do
You have a tongue in your mouth
Pray do not miss one of the two.

v

On one side is the rising tyranny
Tearing down my life's fibres
My weakness and my impotence
Make these more heavy on the other.

vi

But my life has never sung
A song praying for God's mercy;
More and more cruelty though
I have sought day in and out.

vii

If your breast is still in one piece
Take the dagger and slit it in two
And pierce the heart to enable its blood
Through your eyes for it to flow.

viii

If no heart now burns in the breast
It is a matter of shame for it
Now it is even more ridiculing
No fire comes out from your breath.

ix

To incur loss in a maddening love
Is never a bad bargain at all
In lieu of hundred yards of living land
A sprawling jungle is worth its while

x

Do not ask me what is registered
In my fateful lines of forehead
Ever rubbing this head in obeisance
Making their blistering ruts so clear.

xi

Even the gods have a word of praise
For all the verses that I narrate
I do not ever speak them though
On the same wave length that they spake.

xii

I have agreed to exchange my life
Just for one kiss from her lips
But half dead as already I am
How will Oh Ghalib the bargain strike.

93

i

Wandering in the wilderness
But I have not planned for it
Unchained are my feet though
Wheels are tied below their soles.

ii

My viley desires goad me on
To tread on all the jungle wanderings
There is yet not any marked path
Nor any picture to guide me on.

iii

I yearn for the sinful taste
In foreground is the faithful gate
It is indeed a razor's edge
Leading to the desired fate.

iv

Oh my sorrowful perpetual despair
Over my tolerance keep hanging ever
For then the shrieks of my woes
Their obligations would then be spared.

v

The healing wound of my head
Now itches for a joyful scratch
And further strike of stone will then
No doubt provide for a further joy.

vi

When the Lord allows you thus
To be fearless and to be free
There is no sin more sinister
Than the sin of being ashamed of it.

vii

Ghalib, have you not heard of
Of this Nasikh's pronouncement
Who has no regard of Meer
Surely he is himself ignorant.

94

My eyesight does not now reside
In the pupils of my eyes
They are only black spots formed
By concentration of my sighs.

95

i

The lovers' ever weeping eyes
Have let loose a rain of tears
Worth seeing is the wall of garden
Cracked into a hundred fissures.

ii

Who can claim now to be free
Of love and glamour of the rose
Now look at the cypress rising high
Can it outside the garden grow.

96

i

Love is never a hopeless spree
Of its effect it is never free
Laying one's life for his love
Is never a barren fruitless tree

ii

Regimes have often changed hands
From one to the other clan
Like ever rotating cup of wine
But unlike Jamshed's living shrine.

iii

All owe their existence to Thee
To Thee alone they owe their lives
To the sun all particles
Look at for the source of light.

iv

Lest the secret of her love
Would be exposed by my death
But for me to die for her
Is not a difficult task at all.

v

Changing times do scare me
Now happy playful, then morose
Would it not be better indeed
To be ever in a state of denial.

vi

Hope sustains all life, they say
If there is no hope, No life would be
I am bereft of all hope, alas!
I have no hope of for what to live.

97

i

Imprints of Thy divine steps
On the green grass well imprest
Oh my Lord, wherever they fall
Of the garden of Iram they recall.

ii

Impressed by thy dimpled face
Oh! this mad heart of mine
Looking inward I am amazed
I go for a stroll for Adam's grace.

iii

This thy stature cypress like
A head higher than Adam's height
What a wonder of them all
Including wonder of Doom's sight.

iv

Looking thyself in the mirror
May I show you another wonder
How you enjoy your beauty, dear
Watch me longing to see you there.

v

Fathom the curse of all my woes
Scars of my heart will then show
I am a sleep walker of old
Trace my steps on the move

vi

Ghalib in the garb of a beggar
Wandering in all the streets here
Watching the game of high and low
The discreet and indiscreet, oh lo.

98

i

Though it is your usual nature
You ever dole out fire to me
I shall certainly submit to heresy
If I enjoy not the warmth of it.

ii

I cannot measure any of the time
Since when I have suffered decline
Count the endless lonely nights
Till eternity it shall be timed.

iii

Till the end of all my life
I have waited with open eyes
Appearing only once in my dream
She had promised to come again.

iv

Her reply to previous letter
I can well guess its contents
Let me write her another one
Before the messenger gets home.

v

In the party when she was present
I seldom received my cup of wine
Now when Saki has brought me one
She has perhaps now mixed my drink.

vi

One who flouts all the friendships
In his life faith has no place
In the chapter of fidelity
Why should there be a mention of faith.

vii

When my beloved is with me
Of my rival I am scared
The twists and turns that I suffer
Are due to misgivings that I have.

viii

What a gift of Almighty God
My pleasure in the union with her
I wished to gift my life away
But for all my confusion till last.

ix

Come, oh my sweet heart come
Why at all you your anger show
The folds you wear in your forehead
Are reflected on your veil's folds.

x

A myriad pretexts of nearness and love
But only once towards me she dwells
And a myriad make-ups she makes
Against a single mischievous spell.

xi

Not equal to the width of the straw
Not to speak of a crack in the sun
While my wails have no effect on her
Which for once had cracked the sun.

xii

To use all magic which I can
In the mirage my boat to run
Even it cannot now ever mend
My desired inclinations to tend.

xiii

Even though I gave up my drink
But once in a while, oh Ghalib I can
When in full moon the night is young
I take some wine for old time.

99

i

Pray do not try to save, Oh Saki
Any of the wine for the morrow
For this would be a reflection on
The Heaven's Saki serving above.

ii

This is the same creation of God
Whom He bid angels to obey
Why is he looked upon with contempt
Whom you respected till yesterday.

iii

If all the instruments of music
Do ever echo the divine notes
Then why do I lose all my senses
When all of them I hear their slots.

iv

Unleashed runs the horse of age
Galloping along where it would stop
No one knows for no one holds
The reins in hand and feet on stirrups.

v

The twists and turns in my life
Increase with search of truth of Thine
Farther removed from the truth of God
The deeper I go the more am I.

vi

What is watched and who is the watcher
Are same along with the onlooker
I am really amazed to find
What is all this fun about?

vii

In the reality of vast ocean
Lies the existence of every thing else
Do not mention of the drops
The vapours and their flight above.

viii

Blushing is a disarming gesture
Even if it is before one's own self
When she blushes all by herself
Exposing herself to shamelessness.

ix

Even within behind the veil
My beloved keeps a mirror in wait
Ever adorning her beauty face
Never lifting the veil's mace.

x

A state of awakening in our dreams
But actually dreaming in our sleep
What we regard as clear and obvious
Is in fact all hidden down deep.

xi

Oh Ghalib, from the company of friends
I get the smell of friend's scent
Thus alone all my time I spend
In the worship of God through friend.

100

i

Shall I mourn for my heart
Or shall I tend to my liver
If possible why I should not
Engage a professional for one of those.

ii

My extreme jealousy does not allow
To enquire address of your home
To every one whoever I meet
I only ask whither to go.

iii

A thousand times I came to meet you
Always I reached the villain's home
Oh why at all I knew your address
And also the path that led to you.

iv

You threaten to tighten your waist band
Am I to be scared of it
With a waist of no dimension
Where, pray, do you draw the rope.

v

Lo! Even she has the cheek to say
That I am now a complete broke
Had I known that she would taunt
I wouldn't have squandered all my home.

vi

Abreast of every swift walker
For some distance I do walk
I still cannot identify
Who Is the leader who knows the path.

vii

The stupid people have always regarded
That desire is a form of worship
Such indeed has been my lot too
For I have so much desired my beloved.

viii

In a spate of extreme ecstasy
I forgot the path to my beloved
My senses that I had lost for her
I should have gone to enquire about.

ix

Like myself too I regard my fellows
As connoisseurs of good art and craft
But alas! What I think is not true
My fellow beings do not appreciate that.

x

Oh Ghalib, How I wish to see
Riding on the horse of pride
My own benefactor Ali Bahadur
With all his grace and all glory.

101

i

Why he talks against me there
If she does not bear to hear
Let him do so over again
She may turn his foe, I fear.

ii

Her promise of a garden stroll
How come my luck had a roll
Am I destined for a kill
Ah, My God, is it Thy will

iii

This universe is indeed a naught
Like the waist my beloved has got
Charming, slim and withering like
Have I ever given it a thought.

iv

Such a conformist I am not
Following Mansur's narrow thought
A drop of water is indeed I am
In all its effect though I am an ocean.

v

Oh Thou desire, pray remain at length
To cultivate you I have no strength
To take on all the vigours of love
And their tragic potent bang.

vi

On the day of reckoning above
I shall grab you in my arms
You turn round and then you say
That you are not the Hoor of heaven.

vii

Should you hate to be so kind
Be unkind and cruel to me
But pray do not be unconcerned
For which you are not obliged.

viii

We drink only the pure wine
Not from same keg as Jamshed's
We do not touch it if it is not
Squeezed from out of the garden grapes.

ix

I am not so well known, O Ghalib
As was the great poet Zahoori
I write as well as he has done
Though I am not so well renowned.

102

i

Be more cruel, oh my tormentor
Its no complaint, it is a pleasure
Why have you now left me at that
Listen to my moans, cruelty inventor.

ii

Why you had agreed to build
A pleasure house for the rival
You true lover, oh dear Farhad
And then scoop low oh how sad!

iii

My home is so very desolate
But the jungle is no less so
Here such sprawling wilderness yawns
It does not remind me of my home

iv

The lashes of the surging river
No less than of the school master
Its only the discerning eye that can
Grasp the truth of all such matters.

v

Out of sheer restraint and trust
I keep myself aloof and quite
But she thinks I have no power to grudge
Alas! She does not approve my reserve.

vi

Fluttering colors against the winds
The well lit lamps do extinguish
Such indeed is so short lived
The beauty of the daffodills.

vii

Been kept safely in the basket
Under protection of the gardener
Be happy, oh thou the gardener's duck
The slayer has not visited you yet.

viii

To signify her positive approval
She always has gestured her denial
The word "NO" is stuck in her mouth
Which she has now spurted out.

ix

The heaven is no less resplendent
Than thy lane in its splendour
It has almost the same set up
Though not habitated there as much.

x

That inhospitable our home land
You now seem to be forgetting
Why do, oh dear Ghalib complain
Of your drudgery in this penury.

103

i

After the two worlds to me He doled
He thought with pleasure I would roll
But I was in a bind for the shame
That how now I can ask for more.

ii

On every stage of their journey
To Thy lane some drop in bane
When they know not the path to goal
Such helpless ones have no where to go.

iii

The candle burns on thy grave
Whoever for thy company craves
Thy woes doth melt every soul
Who will come here to console

104

The sweet alluring talks of his
Have drawn her so close to him
Of my own love she does not believe
Ah! This speechlessness of mine.

105

i

The story of Laila coming to Qais
The lover when heard got taken aback
Wondering much he enquired at last
Does it, in real life, happen at all?

ii

Such an extreme kindly heart
Which is most pitiable, O Ghalib
Pray do not put it to any test
The tragedy she may not stand, lest.

106

i

Having fallen in love with someone
She has been liking her loneliness
Ah! The helplessness I suffer
She must be paying tribute to that.

ii

Each and every particle of universe
Has to perish under a wave of a wind
The lamp of the sun may too likewise
Be out by the wind destined for it.

107

i

When perplexed by our loneliness
We then look to the doors and walls
To the walls for the morning breeze
To the doors for a message from her.

ii

Look she has come to my house
Thank you, O my Lord, Thank you
I look to the house where she has come
And then to her for the boon.

iii

People watch the wounds of my heart
Inflicted by the hands of sweet heart
Let them cast not their evil eyes
On her palms and on her arms.

iv

Whoever watches pearls and diamonds
Stuck on the fringe of your cap
It is indeed to the vintage fate
That has reached such a high pinnacle.

108

i

Its not that I am not convinced
Of Day of judgment's retribution
But compare it to my lonely nights
Which are more dreary and woe betide.

ii

On a pleasant overcast day
We may keep our drinks at bay
·But under the full moon and the stars
Who can stay from drinks away.

iii

Whenever I have before her come
She gives not even a word of welcome
And when I wish to part away
She does not bid me adieu even.

iv

If ever at all I come to her mind
She only reacts then thus to say
"Today in this assembly of ours
There is no mayhem and no fray."

v

The day of Eid is not so alone
When wine is doled out to every one
Thy Tavern Inn in the street of beggars
Keeps enough stocks of wine and rum.

vi

For world's gaiety and its mourning
We are never concerned with them
For God has given me such a heart
Which has no light in its lamp.

vii

Why do you ever remind her, Ghalib
Of all the promises made by her
For after all whenever you do so
She retorts she does not remember at all.

109

i

Giving it airs in the extreme
To my verses and their themes
Pacing fast in the speed of wind
Is my steed run on its wings.

ii

Who has ever here really known
The dire effect of sighs deep
In our way to impress her much
We breath deep as if in a distress.

iii

The speed of age in actual life
Outpaces that of electric light
Can we not under its running feet
Slow it down by the henna paste.

iv

Escape from the prison of being
Is it really possible indeed
Like a drop of tear stuck as such
Survives till last with out any limbs.

v

Drunk deep in dark colors
The blossoming flowers thus appear
For those of us in the in-ebriate pace
Tie their qamarband tightened never.

vi

Its all aberrations in such topics
Pray do not give it any more gossip
For there are many who still describe
All their woes in the garb of music.

vii

See the over reaction of some
Of the practical minded people
On the boils of sores of their feet
They put a paste of henna deep.

viii

O Ghalib's seeming simpleton beauties
With their ever coquettish stance
Forever trying to weave a net
Of faithfulness for the ambush.

110

The world by your life, O Asad
Is not indeed so very cruel
We had expected a tougher world
Than the one we came across.

111

i

Forever waiting to kiss Thy feet
On Thy doorsteps as they meet
What a wretched this life is mine
Forever lying at Thy threshold slate.

ii

Ah! These perennial wanderings of mine
Which have harassed me every time
I too am a human after all
Not for passing round – a cup of wine.

iii

Why is the world bent upon somehow
To erase my existence from here now
Like a word on the slate so written
Twice by mistake meant to be wiped.

iv

The sin committed must here be
Severe enough to deserve punishment
But mine is only an aberration
And not any heresy in any sense.

v

I have had no claim whatever
To riches of money, pearls and diamonds
Why then people do not hold me
Near and dear and of their clan.

vi

Why do you keep away from me
In the company of all the friends
In status too I am no less than
The honor and status of all of them.

vii

Why have you now so debarred me
From having a kiss of your feet
Am I any way less than the sky
Which has ever enjoyed this pride.

viii

By the grace of the king almighty
Ghalib you are now earning a stipend
Gone are the days you used to boast
That you are not any body's servant.

112

i

Buried under the dust are some
Into flowers have they blossomed
Out of the beauties forever gone
As tulips, roses they have come.

ii

Ah! The assemblies of our memories
So colorful and so full of delight
Gone now out of the memories' lane
Stuck in the niche of oblivion's shelf.

iii

Seven daughters of constellation
Lay hidden behind day's sun light
What has been, pray, their heart's intent
To bare themselves during the night

iv

While in prison Yousaf's care
Though Yaqub did not take
Holes in prison walls, as Yakub's eyes
Were wide open and wide awake.

v

Of all the lovers of the world
Only Yousaf did she choose
The Egyptian ladies saw Zuleikha
In ecstasy harming herself too.

vi

Let stream of blood continue to flow
From my eyes at the time of parting
It will seem like spurts of light
From my eyes in extreme delight.

vii

When in heaven we shall avenge
The treatment here met us by them
If these beauties by their right
Come there to serve in the paradise.

viii

I dedicate to him that all I have
My thoughts, the sleep and my nights
Spread by thee on whose arms
Thy sprawling golden tresses that lie.

ix

As I went to the garden rose
The nightingales in the learning pose
Hearing thus all my woes
They started singing as in rote

x

Thy piercing eyes, oh my love
Are now going through my heart
As my ill luck would have it now
Thy lashes seem to break the dart

xi

Irrepressible are my wails
Rising and falling like the seams
Of my collar tearing apart
And bursting into constant sobs.

xii

When I tried to go to meet her
Expecting greetings of abuses and curses
All my blessings reserved to woo her
On her gate keeper they all were spent.

xiii

For one who holds the cup in hand
Life rending is the drink indeed
All the fate lines of the palm
Now indicate a fair streak.

xiv

We believe in oneness of the God
To abolish rituals is our lot
With the progress of our purpose
We meet the elements of our Lord.

xv

Accustomed when to the life of sorrows
The sorrowfulness then withers away
The slogs in life that I have suffered
Have made my life now easy for stay.

xvi

Oh Citizens of the world may know
Constant crying by Ghalib will one day
Shall reduce its habitations that there are
Into a wilderness of no score.

113

i

I am so much mad in love
My sacred thread of shoulder lost
Even a thread of tattered scarf
Is not on my body at all

ii

My crowning efforts for your sight
Have consumed all my heart too
What do I find after the loss
There is no strength for your vision too.

iii

If meeting with you is so difficult
Then never mind let it be so
But the trouble in it is only this
That it is not so difficult at all.

iv

Is it possible to live without love
No it is not possible at all
But where is the strength with me now left
For me to bear the hazards of love.

v

My head is weighing heavy on my
Shoulders due to this maddening love
The wilderness too is with out a wall
Against which I cannot strike my head.

vi

There is no room whatever left
In me for jealousy for my villain
My weakness has sapped all my energy
For any passion even for her.

vii

My wail is indeed a real wail
It is no cry of a bird in cage
Without the hope of any effect
But for this wail beware you must.

viii

Even though I have had no strength
To bear the pain of pricks of thorns
Yet rows of your brows standing alert
I hope to meet all their onslaught.

ix

Who will not give up his life
On simplicity of my beloved
She does all the fighting though
Without in her hand even a sword.

x

Seen in parties and also alone
Asad has met us many a time
If he is indeed not a mad man
But he does not possess his senses all.

114

i

In this body there are wounds
Which can be stitched now no more
A string of tears in the needle
Whose eye is filled with the throes

ii

Pleasure of watching my own ruin
Is now with me not any more
The foam of flood of my tears
Has blocked my eyesight's both its holes

iii

Every drop of blood in me
Is yours by trust and by right
For each drop is a gem on which
Your name is engraved in my sight

iv

The darkness of my bedchamber
Alas! It cannot be described
Its gaping holes stuffed by cotton
Are shining there as moonlit night

v

The incoherent maddening shouts
Are all reasons of my reproach
My friends' censure and laughter
Have now saved my tattered clothes

vi

The particles of the dust of gems fly
When her stature confronts the mirror
As through a hole a beam of sunlight
Throws dust particles in the air.

vii

Not knowing whether I am good or bad
By contradictions I am surely stuck
I may be a thorn in a garden's bed
Or I may be a rose growing in a stable.

viii

As if one is not enough
There are now a thousand hearts
Every drop of blood therein
Bears a black spot of mad love

ix

Of your love for beauty, Asad
I am now a captive held
And the embracing arm of love
Is a noose in my neck

115

i

In my view the earthly joys
Are nothing but burnt ashes
For my own blood I had taste
Alas now, there is no blood in my body

ii

The whirlwind will surely take me
To my love on its wings
I am run down now completely
Without any strength left in me

iii

Lo! Who comes in stylish gate
As in garden of flowers in state
From the heavens she comes straight
On red carpet with no stains laid.

iv

If she is not so kind to me
Let me be now kind to myself
But alas! All sighs of mine
Have no hype and are fruitless.

v

In-ebriate and lost and drunk
In the thoughts of roses' splendour
The tavern inn is though empty
With nothing left in the cellar

vi

I am ashamed of all love lores
Looting and thuggery it now bodes
Will to construct is now my lot
Apart from it there is a naught.

vii

All my poems now, oh Asad,
Have only a light passing effect
Without any sense of any depth
Its lasting artfulness is lost.

116

i

A thousand tears that I shall shed
Should you bother me now so much
Its only a heart, not a stone nor brick
By pressure of pain its choked so much.

ii

Its neither a temple nor the Kaba
A place of worship nor your door
Its on the thoroughfare that I sit
The rival cannot come here to evict.

iii

Like mid day sun's dazzling light
No eyes are able to face thy sight
Why must you then wear the veil
And behind the curtain hide your face.

iv

The dagger of your coquetry is fatal
More so are arrows of fancy gestures
Your own image cannot withstand
The grandeur that you yourself are.

v

The prison of life is no different
From the lashes of life's ailments
Both of them will find release
Only after their death overtakes.

vi

She is beautiful with beautiful thought
Ever able to put the villain to blush
With such confidence she has in mind
That never she has put him to test.

vii

She does not invite to hurt her pride
My own elegance against it advise
How shall there be a meeting any way
I do not meet her by the roadside.

viii

May be, she doesn't believe in God
May be, she is faithless and frail
But if you trust your heart and faith
When then should you visit her lane

ix

What affairs will be left unsolved
When Ghalib is in the world no more
Why should then we beat our breast
And why should we mind this heart sore.

117

i

With your mouth rosebud like
Do not repose from there its style
I seek from you a kiss my love
Come and tell me what it is like

ii

From her each and every sign
There is indication of her design
How she is able to steel away
Her lover's heart in one sway.

iii

She should come to my home
Drunk but not with the villain
With me alone she should be
But O my God! not with him.

iv

How she fared with rival tonight
When I asked her she was annoyed
She came before me and sat tight
Hard she stared and said, "this like"

v

In her presence when before her
I should sit quiet forever
Quietness is her mode of life
And quietness is all her endeavor.

vi

In her gracious presence I said
No stranger should sit here ever;
In her witty tyrannous style
She said, "Pray get up and then quit"

vii

Once upon a time she asked
How do you your senses loose
Seeing me happy the pleasant breeze
Started moving I said "like this"

viii

I had never learnt the way
How to live in the beloved's lane
Oh my foot marks hid the surprise
On the dust lay, they all the way.

ix

Why does crave for love diminish
After when you have realized it
Nay! You see the rising tide
Needs more efforts after it subsides.

x

One who wishes to appreciate
Urdu against the Persian verse
Recite before him O dear Ghalib
A piece of your own Urdu ghazal.

118

i

A narrow mind may be healed
By some of its broader flight
If by jealousy you are cheesed
Then have a liberal look at life

ii

Why all the sins of the world
Don't satiate heart's desires all
The waters of the seven seas
Don't soak fringes of sin's frock

iii

As graceful as is the cypress
She walks with majestic gait
Every bit of the garden dust
A lamenting turtle dove would spray.

119

i

If I leave for the Holy Kaba
Do not ever taunt me for that
For never shall I forget even then
The legacy of the idol worshippers.

ii

The heavens, honey and the hoors
Don't lure me to my temple bell
Were it indeed for such a boon
I'll throw the heaven into the hell

iii

There is no reward indeed
For the goodness of my deeds
My stream of fortune was so made
To lead its flow to the other way.

iv

Ghalib has no words to say
For his efforts to raise the corn
Even if it is spared by the pest
The lightening on it shall then fall.

120

i

If you have no love for me
Let it be so as it will be
But still have something with me to do
Be it with me some enmity.

ii

For me to share the bed with you
You have to thank my impotence
The very thought of love with you
Weighs very heavy on my nuance.

iii

A slight mention of my rival
I cannot even withstand that
It pains me much to hear his name
Though even by way of a complaint.

iv

They say that every pain has got
A medicine for the pain to wash
The remedies for the woes of love
Where are they if that be so.

v

My loneliness and my solitude
I have dealings with none of them
Oh My God! My shamefulness
All this I do not have to shun.

vi

A stream of thoughts throng the brain
Even in man's lonely lane
He lives with people all along
Always even when he is alone.

vii

Do not be in debt at all
Even to the heavens above
What a shame for it to befall
All for thy meekness and its hazard.

viii

To be aloof is no excuse
That you should be a stranger too
Be wild with yourself if you have to be
If with the rival, it cannot be.

ix

The vacant moments of life spent
For nothing are those grudging ones
For wasting one's own dear life
May be in the worship of God alone.

x

From thy door step, oh tormentor
This Asad, thy lover shall not move
Till annihilation has its toll.
I shall not rise from thy door.

121

i

Moaning in the prison cell
It is indeed of no avail
What in the garden the musings be
Will they ever heal my wails?

ii

Yearning for thee, oh my love
Of my rival here pains me too
Why did you, oh God, at all
Allow him dreams to cherish her.

iii

You have not shed a single tear
Of pain from the wound of my heart
Mending of which caused spurt of blood
Pouring out from the eye of the needle.

iv

My own hands are real ashamed
In war of nerves they indulge
Pulling my scarf when I am alone
At others the fringe of her skirt.

v

How easy it is for me indeed
To watch the executioner's goal
Never have I seen before
A blood stream with thy floating foal.

vi

The rumor of a chain ordered
To bind both my feet with
It made the smith so restless then
And the iron ore began to squeak

vii

It is no pleasure to see indeed
A hundred clouds over my farm
It indicates that lightening seeks
To fall on the gathered barn

viii

A Brahmin has died in the temple
Faithfully worshipping idols and images
Bury him in the Holy Kaba
For this, his unshaken belief.

ix

I was destined to be a martyr
And so acquired all my habits
Of bowing my head in obeisance
When confronted by her dagger.

x

Having been robbed in broad day light
Has now enabled me a peaceful night
For taking away fear of more theft
May the robber now have a long life.

xi

From the deep depths of my heart
I have dug out these verses sublime
Can I dig out even one such verse
If I go digging in the gold mine.

xii

O my Lord, The Almighty King
Defender of faith, the king Suleiman
Jamshed, Kaikhusro or others gone
No match, Ghalib, to Thy show and pomp.

122

i

Of my beloved's body moonlit
To sip the water that washed her feet
She has refused to be allured
Withdrawing away her obstinate feet.

ii

Farhad laid down his life with such
Simplicity that demands touch of feet
Why did alas the hypocrite Pirzan
Did not have her chopped off feet.

iii

Awfully scared we had run hard
But ultimately we fell into the trap
Captured and then made a slave
To press at last the captor's feet

iv

I have wandered so far and wide
In search of some ointment there
The pain of body though lessening;
Increasing is the pain of my feet.

v

So much enamored was I then
Of wanderings in the wilderness
Carried when dead on bier under shroud
All saw my moving legs and feet.

vi

Euphoric ecstasy of spring flowers
Has its impact to such an extent
While taking off for their flight
The chirping birds get entangled feet.

vii

It seems she had had a long walk
To her lover in his dream
Why else has she this morning
Complained of such painful feet.

viii

Not without their reasons thereof
There is joy in Ghalib's verses
For he drinks the water that has
Washed the king's and poesy's feet.

123

i

Her heart palpitates there
Of that I am most ashamed here
Lest, this is the cause of
The effect of my deep sighs, here.

ii

How much she now relishes
To be cruel to her lover
She only watches herself in the mirror
Till her prey has the last breath.

124

i

Again and again I swoon to reach
To steal a kiss of my own feet
For taking me to the lane of my love
Despite the fact that I am so weak.

ii

How fond are we, myself and heart
Of being faithful to each other
The heart keeps ever close to me
And I to it through thick and thin.

iii

Unable to run, I am O love
Forever from out of your own lane
So very weak now I have become
I cannot bear even the weight of the ant.

iv

Your indifference should be such
As to leave some ray of hope
Pray do not cast such strange glance
Which to me is worse than poison.

v

The wails of the mourning bird
Are just like a double edged sword
One of jealousy for her love
Other, like me, its heart is hurt.

vi

Repeat thy promise, oh my dear
That you would blow off my head
You only smile and then you say
"I swear by thy head, that I shall"

vii

What pleases my own eyesight
Is my prime concern in life
Since my bleeding heart so pleases
This bleeding heart I like to see.

viii

You are so very delicate that
All quietude to you is complaint
I am indeed such a weakling
Your unconcern is tyranny to me.

ix

The reason of my visit to Lucknow
Is not for any sight seeing at all
The lust of mine for pomp and show
Is not in fact my cup of tea.

x

This town is not the last stage
Of my journey to this city here
I am bound for onward progress
To the pilgrimage of Hazrat Ali.

xi

Goaded by a desire, O ghalib
Towards my goal I am bound
The road on which I now travel
May reach me to that destination.

125

i

If you have with the rival any dealings
Let that be so if to you it pleases
Pray do not at the same time now
Cut off with me all your ties too.

ii

No one here can ever escape
The judgement of the doomsday
Should my rival be held as a killer
You should indeed be the witness thereof.

iii

While it is truly admitted that
You are the sun and the moon
But do they too murder the innocents
And deny the rightful ones as you.

iv

Within the veil you are wearing now
There seems to be a line bulging out
I am afraid it may be the eye sight
Of my rival stuck on the eye of your own.

v

When the tavern for me is out of bounds
Which other place shall suit me then
A monastery or it may be a mosque
Or some Brahmin's temple for a drink.

vi

All the compliments that we hear
About the heavens may be true
But all these, O my God shall suit
If only my beloved graces it too.

vii

Even if a person of Ghalib's stature
Is not present in the king's court
The King Almighty should reign that matters
Over the world, his kingdom forever.

126

i

Given a chance which I availed
To impress her in which I have failed
In order for me to succeed again
What should I do, tell me O pray.

ii

In my thoughts is ever present
All the worries of her possession
If I succeed, how will it be
If I don't, then how can it be.

iii

Good manners bid me to behave
But lust forces me to be a knave
But credit is due to your modesty
Which forbids you for any crave.

iv

How will the lovers ever live
I am going to ask you now
If the beauties behave as they do
How love in life will ever endure?

v

In the mirror you watch yourself
you are so jealous of that too
Were there to be two more like you
How will the whole town live by you.

vi

Every one who gets such dark days
Which I am now destined to have
Will he not then declare in mind
His own bright days as dark ones.

vii

For me to have a hope in her
And her respectful regard for me
How would all these mature indeed
If we two are not on a talking spree.

viii

My heart was satisfied indeed
When a love letter from her I received
But how does it satisfy my eyes
Which have ever yearned for her sight.

ix

Look at her eyelash and then tell me
Can I have ever my peace of mind
When that thorn is pricking my nerve
How can I have a peaceful night.

x

Its not madness in me, O Ghalib
But in the words of the king himself
"A separation from the beloved is never
An assurance of peace and traquility ever"

127

i

When I have given my heart away
Then why the plaintive woes and wails
When the heart lives not in the chest
Why in the mouth is the tongue in place?

ii

When you do not eschew your temper
Why need I my elegance give up
And then be humble to enquire of you
"What pray is your reason of anger?"

iii

The one who did share my woes
Has turned hostile; what is this love
If any grief he can not bear
How can he then my secrets share.

iv

What faithfulness and whither O love
They all mean to strike the head against wall
Then O stone heart let that be so
Then why must it be your threshold alone?

v

While I am in prison, oh my dear friend
Fear not, tell me the story of the garden
The lightening that fell on the other day
Was it indeed on my own den?

vi

Can you deny you possess my heart?
Oh my dear you tell me this much
When you alone, sole occupant thereof
Before my sight why are you not?

vii

To blame the pull of my heart is unjust
Judge for yourself if judge you must
If you don't withdraw away from me
Why must there be any tension between.

viii

O spark of my heart, you are more than enough
For the ruination of life of a man
He will indeed not need any foe
Whoever decides on you to befriend.

ix

If this is the way you probe my love
Which is in fact no less than torture
Why do you put my love to test
When you have opted to go with the rival.

x

If my rival to meet you comes
You have asked what is the harm
It is a valid, rightful question
What is the harm you yourself pronounce.

xi

What is it, O Ghalib, You want to gain
For your beloved you have taunts and taints
Will she ever be kind to you
If you always call her unkind.

128

i

Come, let us go to live in some place
Except for me where no one will live
Where no one will understand my musings
Where no one will know my own language.

ii

Without any walls and without any doors
Let us build there one such home
Where no one is a neighbour there
No one is there to call you your own.

iii

Falling there sick and getting unwell
There is no one to enquire after health
And when in the end I should die
No one is there to mourn by my side.

129

There is a unity of all creation
Which is manifest in all the beings
Be it the sun or be it its rays
Or be it any other visible thing.

130

i

There is a thick green verdure grown
On all the walls of my desolate home
If you call it the spring's delight
What would then be the autumn like?

ii

Ah! These treacheries of the path
And the tortures of fellow travellers
All these have convinced me now
Misery of helplessness is a better option.

131

i

Manifest in a hundred ways
Nature's beauty before you lays
See its splendor and its style
Should you have the strength to brave.

ii

On pelting stones alone depends
My maddening love's sole sustenance
And why I should not feel obliged
To the urchins with stones in hands.

iii

The wall has started tilting wide
Due to the massive mason's pride
O you, the crumbling house of mine
Do not, to the mason, feel obliged.

iv

Pray lift the veil of coquettish smile
Which with the villain you enjoy aside
Do not add to my sores of jealousy
That you have given to me in life.

132

i

A tavern inn should always be
Near a mosque for overseeing
As we have these eyebrows now
Above our eyes for safe guarding

ii

You have also fallen in love
With another person now
Like me you should also bear
The same repression you gave me.

iii

Oh Thou Heaven, shower Thy praise
Over my ambitions adoring heart
This at least is due to me
As restitution for the love I lost.

iv

The art of painting I have learnt
To paint the moon face of my love
Keen to have her picture done
To me now she will have to come.

v

My sole aim of drinking wine
Is not to seek a pleasure in it
I drink wine to drown myself
For day and night to be in its spell.

vi

Different flowers have different hues
The tulips and roses and the jonquils
Whatever shades and colors they carry
They are a proof that spring is due.

vii

As the delightful evening draws
Into heavy drinks and the gala
But at the hour of the holy namaz
You always face the Holy Kaba.

viii

The flask of wine of attributes
Is now going round to fill the cups
To each according to his state
Of the divine heights he has reached.

ix

Through O Ghalib, roots of a tree
The subsistence its branches seek
In the silence the thoughts breed
Till to fruition do they reach.

133

i

My humble helpless heart is a naught
A grieving lonely drop of blood
Forever drooping low to fall
With head lowered ever downwards.

ii

I feigned annoyance and indifference
To her for being cruel to me
How could this, my acting last
My madness for her showed at last.

iii

The thought of death does not give
Any solace for my disturbed heart
For tangled in my desires' net
Many easy preys ambushed are.

iv

I would not have been now grieving
If I had ever known till now
That this would further prove to be
The further cause of my heart wringing.

v

Pray do not feel any more pride
In your frailty and its bite
For this is just another wave
In my impatient blood stream's rise.

vi

Hope not for any pleasure of drinks
From the Saki of the Heavens above
For seven empty bowls inverted
The Saki himself is now holding.

vii

There lies in my heart, O Ghalib
A desire to possess and a grudge of loss
I wish I could express to God
Both the grudge and the desire.

134

i

My verses are impatient with my lips
For forever they have indulged in
Flattery of beauties that they meet
I am now so very weary of all this.

ii

Slow and lengthy bouts of drinks
Is a source of much disturbance
Now fill the pitcher once to the brim
And put it to my lips till I sink.

iii

Waiting on the tavern door
There are some impertinent drunkards
O Zahid, do not get entangled
With such like more impudent ones

iv

See the tyranny of the fate
That life had to eschew at last
So very devoted to my lips
My deep yearning for the flask.

135

i

She does not leave any scope at all
Of any of my plaints against her
She does hear what is said of me
Though of her own she mentions not.

ii

Of your wretched state, O Ghalib
The message to her we shall carry
That she shall call for you on this
Of this we will give no guarantee.

136

Whatever was left in my home
My woeful state would that drown
The urge to construct I always had
Is still with me as my crown.

137

i

From the woes of this world
If ever I shall have some time
I look up to heaven for me to remind
Of Thou and Thy mysteries divine.

ii

How else will she ever know
How much does my heart now blow
When all my letters to her I wrote
To ashes the tyrant put and swore.

iii

In silken fabric it is easier
For a flaming spark to wrap
To hide the pain of a wailing heart
Is indeed no such easy task.

iv

Excusing herself for garden walk
For a stroll amidst the flowers
Her real intent was to visit the victims
She had left there to lick their wounds.

v

Prepared to die on your indifference
Look at me I am such simpleton
Your gesture to come to me is a ruse
While going away is your real intent.

vi

To bear the brunt of world's bane
With me the power now does not remain
I had such power which had endured
All such wails which she had ordained.

vii

The traits of men of Ghalib's world
Are only to be lamented if at all
To whomsoever he has been kind
Always returned him back with malign.

138

i

Wash your hands off if you expect
Any reward for your wanton desires
The heart is now flooded with the fear
Your crop may drown deeper with your tears.

ii

Like the candle burning to fruition
Is then suddenly put off by some one
I too feel that I am such a candle
Put off and then ruing to be half burnt.

139

i

So much oppressed and crestfallen we are
Our world is so narrow and small
Just like the egg of ant it is
Under the big blue heaven above.

ii

Forever the universe moves along
At your pleasure and bidding alone
And each and every particle alive
From Thy sun alone it gets its light.

iii

My sad heart is so badly bruised
Bleeding it gives ręd tulip's looks
The ignorant and the casual ones
Suspect my glass is full of drinks.

iv

She has gone and warmed the heart
Of my rival and made new habitat
Why pray should she not like that
For her new home is cool and fresh.

v

How nicely you have lied you have
Not given even a kiss to my rival
For keep quite now for I too possess
A tongue in my mouth which can guess.

vi

Behold the one who is resting
In the shade of his friend's wall
He is the same the almighty king
The mighty king of Hindustan.

vii

The self confidence of my self
Has now been wiped by life's trials
To whom should I now go to tell
That only its scar is now left.

viii

So much is the extent of trust
In my loyalty she has got
Her cruelty and unkindness, O Ghalib
Is also a part of that same trust.

140

i

My heartache has now given to you
So much restlessness, alas
Your indifference kept both us happy
Why you shed it at all , alas.

ii

If you had no courage at all
To bear the burden of my loss
Then why did you ever come
To condole and wipe my tears, alas.

iii

Why did you ever consider at all
My deep sorrow as your own
It all proved to be our enemy
What you thought a friendship, alas.

iv

You had made a lasting bond
Of your life long love with me
But life is short and does not last
Then why must such a bond, alas.

v

The very sustenance of life
To me it looks as poison like
It seems with you it has not had
Any rapport at all, alas.

vi

All the time you bedecked yourself
With the flowers, when alive
When now you are below the dust
Your grave is strewn with flowers, alas.

vii

Stealing yourself with shame your face
To bury yourself below the grave
Height of intensity of hidden love
Has reached its zenith, now, alas.

viii

Our pure love that we cherished
Has now been mingled with the dust
All the old customary rites
Are gone and laid to rest, alas.

ix

The hand which once wielded the sword
Can give my heart a throb no more
No wounds appear on this breast
That hand is useless, numb, alas.

x

How to spend the lonely nights
With rains and sky now overcast
I have been ever used to count
The shining stars at night, alas.

xi

My ears forbidden to hear your voice
My eyes are shut to have your sight
With this the single heart of mine
And all these woes for me, alas.

xii

O Ghalib, I had not yet got
A state of frenzy in my love
Beating my breast and tearing to rags
I do not enjoy such thrall, alas.

141

i

Oh my mad love and my life
I am fed up with all its strife
Convey this good news to my solace
End of life's strife is now in sight.

ii

She does not now care at all
The sweet feverish effects of my woes
For she has known by now this much
That she herself has got that heart.

iii

The feverish joy of my sorrow
Is now not without any reason
My body's hair stand on their end
To express her gratitude all at once.

iv

Being proud of her own beauty
A stranger to faithfulness's duty
But she has in her possession now
A just heart of my own pedigree.

v

I can drink any amount of wine
On any night of moon lit shine
I am ever stricken by the cold
The warmth of wine does me fine.

vi

Every house has drawn its prestige
From honor of its residents, Asad
The jungle looks forlorn, depressed
After its resident, Majnu has left.

142

i

Keeping quite has its own benefits
Thus no one knows the heart's secrets
But I am glad when I articulate
Then too no one gets its gist.

ii

With no one can I share at all
The pent up desires of my heart
How many achieved and how many lost
May well be an unsaid accounting job.

iii

Behind which screen can now be got
The mirror of your splendor, O my God
A hundred apologies have I sought
For an aged sinful beggar I was.

iv

I do now pray for God's mercy
For she does not harbor any enmity
Shame on you, O my wavering desires
What wavering thoughts you have got.

v

The delightful scented cover of Kaba
Is all due to Hazrat Ali's footsteps
It is indeed the center of the Globe
And not the naval of the deer at all.

vi

The sprawling earth is not broad enough
For my wavering wandering thoughts
In shame it sheds so much sweat
It forms a stream on the earth.

vii

This world is only an ambush laid
In this, O Asad, be not its prey
This, the whole of the earth of ours
Is a net of thoughts and ideals, stale.

143

i

Into the matters of your complaints
Pray do not dig in time and again
Beware of my heart for it has got
Buried a fire which it would rain.

ii

Give me the woes and give me their pains
For after all they would be a blessing
Where would then be the breasts to beat
And where, pray, would be midnight wails.

144

i

You had written the word 'faith'
Somewhere on your letter's face
Since it had got itself erased
Paper you wrote on was obviously a fake

ii

My defeated efforts at self annihilation
Are burning my flare of heart's intents
While there is a fire in my breath
To ashes it does not reduce me yet.

iii

The hissing noise of defeat, extinction
Emitted by fire when water is put on
A wail is always the consequence
Of every being in a state of dejection.

iv

He that at whose threshold prides
Each and every particle bright
From the earth to the blue sky
All are inebriate and in spirits high.

v

That you called me as your life
Do not tell me all this while
For I am completely fed up now
With this life and its strides.

vi

I do draw the figure of an eye
On your address which I write
You may from it thus conclude
How anxious I am for your sight.

145

In such a haste through my lane
He passes through with such disdain
He does not allow the bearers even
To change the sides of the palanquin

146

i

A city of surprises is my existence
Desires and wishes are all its residents
My woes and wails are phoenix like
Have existence without any substance.

ii

Whether its spring or the autumn
Whatever the phase of the season
I am ever alone in the prison
Forever beating my breast for existence.

iii

Fealty of beloved is mere coincidence
Bear it in mind, O my dear friend
Else wail and pleas of dejected hearts
Do seldom bear any fruits of substance.

iv

Flair of possibilities seldom withstand
The grief that lies in the pains of defeats
While rubbing your hands to mourn these
Determined to decide what the future will be.

147

i

Have some mercy, O cruel tyrant
Your faithful lover is on his last lap
The failing pulse of this fealty stricken
Is the smoldering smoke of a failing lamp.

ii

Alas! The heart's desires for love
Have kept me now ever disturbed
For else the lamp of love not burnt
Shall save its own constituents.

148

i

Even when they are quite silent
Her beautiful eyes have music in them
Collyrium shining in the eyes of the beloved
Have sparks of sounds of love to rend.

ii

The music of dejections and of defeats
Are manifest in the lovers' bodies
The woes emitted in their wails
Misfortune, bad luck have their musings.

iii

See the stream of blood of Majnu
Pouring on the terrain of wasteland
Spreading like a sprawling carpet
Of rose red colors to welcome her.

149

i

Mine is not true love, you said
Its all mad frenzy you allege
Whatever it is, let it be so
But from it, your fame, you get.

ii

Snap not between us, O pray
All our dealings that still remain
A bit of hostility, let it be
If it can't be some other live play.

iii

What indeed is the harm to you
If amongst you all I am here too
You say in public we should not meet
Let privacy we should pursue

iv

My own enemy I am not
That I should brook your other love
Keep your ties with me intact
Whatever the other may have said.

v

On my own self now depends all
Whatever I am in this world
If enlightenment is not my friend
Let my ignorance be my all.

vi

At the speed of spark well nigh
The age of man does so fly
But for this heart for a bloody flight
That much time, age must provide.

vii

Have I ever tried to eschew
Habit of fealty which is my due
If love is not any of my reward
Then let me my destruction pursue.

viii

Give me some, O Heaven unjust
Give me some, if give you must
To bid good bye to woes and wails
Give me this power for my sake.

ix

While I shall try to cultivate
To be submissive and to behave
Your unconcern you may not break
And then be cruel all the way.

x

Your flirting may go on and on
With your beloved forever now
If she does not give in, O Asad
Craze for it may continue.

150

i

I am just whiling away my time
For which I rightly deserve a grind
My mornings also laugh at me
To woo my beloved they now remind.

ii

I am searching for such a singer
Who exhales a burning fire
With its miraculous sound which will
Burn me to my ultimate desire.

iii

Into the valley of my thoughts
I am traveling drunk and lost
Unmindful and also quite forgot
The way back home I'll tread at last.

iv

In that garden where you go
You expose your body so much so
I myself have started blushing now
Against the sweet smell of the rose.

v

Why at all did I expose
The matters to my heart were close
Alas! I was all out and down
By the verses to sing I chose.

151

O Ghalib! When I passed through such traits
When my living was so difficult made
Then I remembered if ever I had got
Some one in this world to call my God.

152

i

In the company of all her friends
I was blushing but still sat on
There were snippets of awkward gestures
Trained at me and my self.

ii

The machinations of your gate keeper
Scared my heart so much there
But for the scare I would not have left
Without a call at your door step.

iii

Pawning the rags and utensils of mine
Against an evening of a bout of wine
It has now been a long, long time
I enjoyed an eve of full moon shine.

iv

The deathless aging god called, Khizr
Has spent all life in vain pursuits
On the doomsday he will too
Count his earnings and his dues.

v

May I now enquire from the earth
O you miser now tell me this much
All the wealth hidden in your bowels
To what good use you have put them all.

vi

All the taunts and taints I bore
On every day from my foe
Not a single day I have passed
With out a single sharp hard blow.

vii

In the company of my rival
She has perhaps acquired this habit
Without a demand from my side
She herself offers me a kiss.

viii

But for her obstinacy, she is otherwise
A good natured person in ordinary life
Forgetting the obstinacy, a hundred times
She keeps faithfully the promises she decides.

ix

You yourself decide, O dear Ghalib
What response you will get from her
You know you have been telling your tale
And she has been lending you her ears.

153

i

Doleful and uneasy we have found
The speed our age moves along
Its year now depends on the move of sun
On move of the spark it should now come.

ii

The flask of wine now signifies
The pleasures of the spring's delight
The joy of wine and moon-lit night
The partridges reaching for moon is a sight.

iii

My ankle of love's consistency
Is badly injured and in sorry plight
Neither the power to run is left
Nor the will to stand and fight.

iv

Property of the whole world
Belongs alone to us who drink
They are just ignorant who think
That we wanderers are about to sink.

v

How can even splendor confront
The sparkling beauty that she presents
When a veil of joy of spring's delight
Now covers the face of such a bride.

vi

What should I do now, O tell
To console my wretched heart's desires
My eyes though have had their fill
Of your beautiful face to the brim.

vii

I am not so pleased at all
On receiving a message from her
For I am now getting too envious
With the messenger she had a talk.

154

i

See my fate that I should now
Get envious of my own self
For I should watch her beauty thus
I cannot stand this spectacle.

ii

Wash your hands off of your heart
If this is the heat of its thoughts
The pungent taste of its wine
Is melting the very metal of glass.

iii

To the rival how she will
Forbid him on his impertinence
For she has now started blushing
On the shame he has put her.

iv

Such bad habit I have acquired in life
Every moment my fondness heaves a sigh
But such is now weak state of heart
That it does not have even a moment's respite.

v

May God save her from evil glance
Her benign company is full of joy
All my wails that reach her door
They sound like music on her floor.

vi

My indifference is a ruse to hide
My heart's secrets from her to find
But in her presence I get lost
And expose all my secrets and thoughts.

vii

Her meetings with my rival fill
My heart with pain and apprehension
It then starts sinking thus
As the rival sinks in her chair.

viii

After she had fallen in love
The fairy face became more delicate
The more she loses color of face
The better her complexion became.

ix

She has many a coquettish gesture
As the painter draws her face
The more he draws her to the finish
The more she tends to withdraw.

x

My shadow, Asad, runs away from me
Like the smoke flies away from fire
A man of red fire I am indeed
No one can afford to come near it.

155

i

My beloved's image kept me warm
During the whole cold lonely night
Securing my person from such a fright
I would have otherwise lost my life.

ii

Well known is the reality of existence
Of both its credits and its debits
But I am now well above them both
Due to the courage I now hold.

iii

The unity of existence and its all
Manifestations of many a mirage
Such one in all are the thoughts
They have made me a heretic now.

iv

In my dreams now all is gone
My craving for the beautiful rose
What a strange tranquility I got
Through all my strange wayward thoughts.

156

i

The tulip with its spots and scars
Is distinguished by all such marks
The farmers efforts alone have brought
To ultimate fruition when lightening falls.

ii

The bud of the rose remains secured
Till its petals remain so closed
In the shape of a collected heart
Forever dreaming for its efflorescence.

iii

How far can I bear any more
The pains of all my helpless sores
The dejected heart's scars are on floor
And between its teeth the flame straw holds.

157

All over the walls of my house
Green verdure has appeared now
Alas! In the wilderness we roam
Leaving behind the spring of home.

158

i

I crave to lay down now my life
On her simple ways and style
Without ever meaning to kill a fly
She holds a dagger in her sleeve up high.

ii

See the sweetness of all she speaks
Whatever she means to say in it
She gives the impression in all she says
She opens my own heart in all this.

iii

No matter in what derogatory sense
There is mention of me in her presence
That mention indeed is better than me
For it excludes me out of her gatherings

iv

In my grave shall be buried
The host of dejections that I carry
But the taste of unachieved efforts
Shall always be my comradeship.

v

My weariness has grown a love
With my tired heavy feet
I cannot invite the path's difficulties
For the feet are now in their destiny.

vi

Let my heart so lightening stricken
So used to subsist in the fire of hell
But the coquettish killing style of yours
Compares well with what you now allege.

vii

O Ghalib, my heart is now so stuck
In the by-lanes of a labyrinth
Have mercy on your desires now
See what difficulties they are in.

159

i

Both the liver and the heart
With one arrow you have shot
What a penetrating glance it is
What coquettish armor you have got.

ii

Gone from me is the need to conceal
The pains of heart wounds I had received
For now my heart is torn asunder
The pleasant taste of the wound is revealed.

iii

Where are all those hangovers gone
Of overnight bouts of drinks till morn
Awake! For you have with you no more
The early morning dreams' sojourns

iv

The ashes of my dead body now
Are strewn in the lane of my beloved
I am so obliged to the morning breeze
Which helps it there thither to blow.

v

The footprints of my sweet heart's walk
Have left such imprints that they now talk
The style and grace of them all
Have their own tale which shall last.

vi

All the men of lust and luster
Have now taken to the joys thereof
At stake for now is pride and honor
Of men of thoughts and of true love.

vii

The curving lashes of your eyes
Have dropped so as to hide their sight
Spreading a veil on your face to hide
Whose blushes are now a real delight.

viii

One simple stroke has removed at once
The yesterday from the day to come
Your decision to leave me that was when
For me forever the doomsday had come.

ix

You are finished, O Assasullah Khan
To your grave the world has drawn
Where are now all your inspirations
And whither the desires and youthful stance.

160

i

Shall I cry for a more tranquil shore
If ever I see a face like yours
From amongst the fairies of the heaven
For me, may come one perhaps like you.

ii

Pray do not bury me in your lane
After I have been, by you, slain
On a pilgrimage to my grave
Why should the world know your name.

iii

O Saki, Be true to your own tribe now
Do not offer any apology any more
For else we drink as much we like
As is available on every moon night.

iv

O You, my dear bosom friend
No reproach to you I now intend
The messenger to carry my message to her
Pray wish him well in his errand.

v

Whatever Majnu had done in life
Is not beyond me and my style
I too can if I get a respite
From the inner upheavals of strife.

vi

We are not bound to take the lead
To follow the life which Khizr pleads
Suffice it is for us now to regard
A fatherly fellow traveler, that he is.

vii

Look out, O you, all the residents
In the lane of my own beloved
If you happen to find there Ghalib ·
Mad in love and wandering therein.

161

i

If I have yet to live in this world
Some days of my life still more
I have now fully made up my mind
I shall then sing a different tone.

ii

The air of the hell contains not
Such a heat that we have got
My pains of woes now concealed
Are indeed of a different lot.

iii

We have noticed many a time
The grieving she has had in mind
But now at this present time
Her wails are of a different kind.

iv

When he delivers her letter to me
The messenger looks me in the face
Apart from what the letter has
Surely he has some more to say.

v

Shorter ages have been predicted
By the decrees of all the planets
But to mention of her curses
With bigger bites she disburses.

vi

All the curses, O dear Ghalib
Have fallen on your head by now
But one that is still now left
With an uncertain blow it shall fall.

162

i

There is no hope for me, my Lord
Which is likely to bear any fruit
My difficulties remain as they were
Now I cannot see my way through.

ii

When will I breathe my last
It is ordained from the very first
Why in hell should I now
Pass these sleepless nights at that.

iii

Previously I used to laugh
At the sorry state of my heart
Nothing now inspires in me
Any thing which can be my start.

iv

I know the reward of His worship
And the blessing that flows from it
But not disposed to it myself
I am inclined to be a heretic.

v

Such is my predicament here
That my lips are now quite sealed
Though I can also open my mouth
And have the whole of the truth revealed.

vi

When she does not hear my voice
She gets worried and concerned
Why should I not scream louder
Which puts her ever at her ease.

vii

If you cannot see the wound
That is hidden in my heart
O you, the healer of all ills
You can surely smell my disease.

viii

We have reached such a height
Of our deep ecstasy
Not conscious of ourselves too
Buried deep in anonymity.

ix

Forever craving to die for you
This, my love, you should know
With your coming my death comes too
But alas! I meet none of the two.

x

To The Holy Kaba, with what face
You will go to pay your homage
O Ghalib, with the smell of wine
You will be shamed by this outrage.

163

i

What has now happened to you
O my simple unfortunate heart
What, pray, is the remedy now
Of the ailment you have got.

ii

While I am craving for you here
You are standing disgusted there
Tell me now, O my dear God
What is all this paradox?

iii

I too have a tongue with me
In my mouth to fill it with
You should come and ask me now
What all my wishes I mean by this.

iv

In this world nothing exists
Beyond what He shall will
Then, pray, tell me, O my Lord
What all this tumult is?

v

Who are all these fairy faces
Who come hither and bother us
With heart breaking coquetry
And their beguiling gestures all.

vi

Her amber smelling eye lashes
Curling, pointed like the swords
Blackened by touch of antimony
Beckoning, enticing all their lovers.

vii

From whither have now all these come
The green verdure and flowers all
The dark black clouds above our heads
And pleasant breeze dear to all.

viii

We do expect from all of them
The trait of fealty and faithfulness
Those who have never known at all
What is the value of such a trust.

ix

Whoever meets you in this world
Forever do good to him here
For this alone reap an award
This is the blessing of the bard.

x

At Your alter I stand alone
With my life in my hands
I have never known at all
What faithfulness and trust is about.

xi

Ghalib, a non-entity that I am
Whatever I am I still stand
A free slave in your service now
Available to you, I now bend.

164

i

How you all wish that the one
With sweet scented locks should come
Not once taken aback you say
That " She has come, She has come"

ii

I am fighting for my life
Though my love for her survives
I have now no courage to require
To me she should come to enquire.

iii

You came and then went away
I cannot grasp its meaning, pray
Like the lightening and its glaze
In my life, O why you came.

iv

The angels shall not stand the smell
Of my last night's wine hangover
I will be spared by them there
Of all the queries they may spell.

v

In any guise that He may appear
With Holy book or with a spear
We have known Him now well enough
To quarrel with Him or to be scared

vi

The seeker of the Holy Truth
Pray don't punish me with you taunts
When I found the Truth evading
The vale of self evasion I found.

vii

I am not given in life
To have any rest at all this while
If her door does not implore
Then to the Holy Kaba I go.

viii

Some of my own well wishers
To plead for me they went to her
With her they developed their own report
They have now thrown me overboard

ix

O Ghalib, do not mention at all
Of her august company's boon
We too went there and returned
After lamenting our misfortune.

165

i

There is again in my heart
Some restlessness and some tumult
My breast is seeking again and again
Some more wounds as its crop.

ii

At the arrival of season of spring
We have roses, tulips and jonquils
My nails have started biting deep
Into my heart wounds for red blips.

iii

My eyes are fixed on the curtain
Of the palanquin to get a glimpse
As she alights from the palki
How desperately we await for it.

iv

Brokering for the goods of disgrace
My eyes are wandering for such chase
My heart is a customer in the race
For all its desires to denigrate.

v

The same hundred ways that are
For me to shed my tears of sorrow
The hundred ways of beating my breast
All these I do without success.

vi

Unsatisfied remain ever my desires
Her slow stately walk and its tumult
My continuing state of restlessness
Shall surely lead to the day He resurrects.

vii

Again the beauty displays its wares
In order to entice the lovers' stares
The bazaar of beauty is on its peak
And bullish are the market fares.

viii

Again and again for her alone
The faithless one I die for whom
Though infidel she still remains
She in my life is so dear to me.

ix

The love's court of crimes now
To hear the writs of the aggrieved
Against all the cruel ones
Has now been called to order.

x

The writs submit all round tyranny
In this wide world of ours
The wild curling locks of hers
Are indulging in their fatal blows.

xi

Torn pieces of heart and liver
Are in the court as interrogators
With filing of their solemn appeals
With their woes and their wails.

xii

All their witnesses that lovers called
Are in the court in the witness box
Let them now shed all their tears
This is ordained by the judge.

xiii

The court case bearing title of
The eye lashes versus liver and heart
The court is called to order now
For its final hearing there.

xiv

O Ghalib, She draws a lot of sneaking pleasure
Which is not without any reason now
There indeed is some real matter
That she hides from all of us.

166

i

Why should my looks of comforts' delight
May seem to be reproachable to you
The sprinkling of salt on heart sores
Is a spice of life enjoyable most.

ii

They do not fetch for me my freedom
All the tribulations of my life
The whirling waves of virulent river
Enmesh in them their own strides

iii

The grave of this crazy lover
Is a pilgrimage for the urchins
The sparks flying from their stones
Look like splashes of flowers flown.

167

i

A fearless lover, should he complain
Deserves only rebukes and disdain
Or else on the judgment day
He shall be laughed upon with pain.

ii

Laila's blood veins shall sprout and grow
If her dagger's point is sown
In the dust of Majnu's waste land
Instead of seeds of farmer's grains.

iii

The wings of the burnt moth
Were the sails set for the broth
As the party was warming up
Set in motion was the goblet.

iv

Oh my yearning for wing fluttering
I have no power to describe
But my main feathers succumbed
Even before I started to fly.

v

How long do I have to cry
Behind her tent, Oh Doomsday;
Was there not a stone wall behind
Against my head for it to strike.

168

i

Through our extreme immoderations
We have lost a lot of our prestige
The more were the indiscretions
The more our loss has increased.

ii

Hidden was a strong net
Very close to my own nest
As I fluttered my wings to fly
I was entrapped within that.

iii

O You, my own existence
The very cause of my destruction
I seek to efface myself so much
That now there is no cause and no effect.

iv

Pray do not enquire now from me
About the hardships of love trials
Such lovers have in their strife
Become just anguish personified.

v

You alone cannot make amends
For the frailties of this world
Apart from you there were many
Who caused many cruelties on me.

vi

As I continue to write
The tales of all her cruelties
I alone am the loser thereby
As she takes note of my scribes.

vii

O God, what ill temper she has
The cause of such a terror in fact
All the sources of heart's laments
Have dried up in this horror of hers.

viii

Abandon now the fight for true love
For it is a victory for the lust
Advancing feet of lustfulness
Are nauseous for all our true love.

ix

In the domain of nothingness
I was assigned some gory bouts
Some I heaved there itself
Others are here for me to roost.

x

In my wretched state, O Asad
I have not abandoned my chivalry
Even with a begging bowl
I have made love to lovers' souls.

169

i

If flames of true love do not now
Guard riches and gold of heart sores
Speechless melancholy hiding in ambush
Shall plunder all these riches and gold.

ii

My tales of woes she did not bother
To hear while she was younger
Now when she is in full bloom
Can I now expect this from her.

iii

It is not fair and decent now
To give to others my torments
Or else I would say," O God!
Endow my life to my foe".

170

i

In the dark kiosk of my life
The night is black and woe betide
The candle meant to acclaim the dawn
Has now been extinguished long ago.

ii

No news of love's indulgence is heard
The flask of beauty's vision is no more
The eye and ear have now aligned
To bar the pleasures of each other.

iii

Her self adorning flare and beauty
Has been exposed by her drinks
O my passions where are you now
Shed off all your inhibitions.

iv

The priceless pearl of your necklace
Now worn around your beautiful neck
To him alone belongs the pride
Who sold the pearl to you to bedeck.

v

In my vale of imagination
There is a tavern, silent and quite
Gazing of wine cups, rising emotions
And then the Saki coming with drunk eyes.

vi

Oh you! The novices and uninitiated
Just come to the playground of love making
Beware! Should you be interested in
The habits of drinks, dance and singing.

vii

Should you possess the discerning eye
Come hither and then look at me
And should you like to heed advice
Hear it from me who had a bite.

viii

The Saki alone is the sworn enemy
Of both the faith and the reason
Through her artfulness she robs
Both our poise and our senses.

ix

Either the night's every corner
Was full of joy and merry making
And all the beauties were bedecked
By flowers of every scent and colors

x

Sight of the Saki's slow stately paces
Accompanying the harping instruments
Is indeed a paradise for all the eyes
And also a heaven for the ears.

xi

Or in the morning when it came
All the gathering was all absent
With its music and merriment
And all its joys and exhilarations

xii

Gone were then the gay delights
And only the singed scars survived
All the tapers then stood alone
Extinguished and its smoke all gone.

xiii

From the hollow of the unknown
Have come to me all these thoughts
Though these are my writings, O dear Ghalib
They are indeed the very words of God.

171

i

I am feeling so very restless
Come near me to give me some solace
You keep me waiting which is so cruel
And this my poor heart can not endure.

ii

Your offer of life in the heaven
In lieu of the life on this earth
This is not a good bargain stuck
When no wine there we shall get.

iii

With these swelling tears in my eyes
To evict me from your company you decide
Alas! when I have no control over them
How on earth then, you do like wise?

iv

For me to bear a grudge against you
To expect it from a true lover is unjust
For even in the graves the lovers no more
Find iota of dust for them to blow.

v

See the inner meanings of thoughts
Take in your heart all its pleasures
Like flowers all my verses are
In season of spring alone they reflect.

vi

Bravo! My love when you have decided
To murder me and put me to dust
If only the decision that you have made
Steadfastly by you it shall be kept.

vii

O Ghalib, you have now sworn
That you shall not drink any more
But will the world believe you at all
That you shall stick to your promise now.

172

i

In my extreme sorrowful state
Under its burden I bow my head
Impossible now to distinguish it is
Between line of sight and thread of my frock.

ii

The taste of wounds pricked in love
Is like stitching the wounds of heart
Pray do not think the lover unaware
Of the nearness of pain and its pleasure.

iii

In the garden in which is manifest
The blooming of a beautiful flower
The sound of a bud while it opens
For lovers it's a heart's pleasure.

173

i

Tired of wandering in the desert
My feet are tucked now in my frock
The thorns that once pricked my soles
Are now mirroring the kneecap's holes.

ii

Your embrace is what a delight to fend
The state of my heart to which it tends
Every hair of your curly locks
Looks at me as a dear friend.

iii

Touching notes of complaints forever
From head to foot of the instruments
Better not play in public this
For it shall expose my heart at once.

174

i

With whatever elegance you do talk
In the company in which you walk
In forming a new life and a new heart
In the pictures that hang on the wall.

ii

Both the cypress and the fir tree
Like your shadow they have followed you
With your hearty stature and style
When you visit the garden green.

ii

Your precious tears are well justified
Which you shed with such a style
All the pieces of my gusty liver
Melt into blood to flood the sight.

iv

Give me, O my tormentor now
A leave for some scope of plaint
Which shall yield for you a lot
Of pleasure in my extreme pain.

v

Oh! Your miraculous bewitching eyes
Should it get even a hint slight
Like a parrot the mirror will start
Talking in rote in complete thrall.

vi

The thorns, their parched lips have grown
With thirst for moisture, their thirsty tongues
Let a traveler with blistered soles
Now visit the vale which is full of thorns.

vii

Whenever I see the holy thread
Worn around her neck and breasts
I prey to God to wish to be dead
Why I myself cant be even that thread.

viii

The lust for beauty will not attract
The avarices of those with ill respect
The beauty of the flowers remain
Not saleable but in garden intact.

ix

The pleasures of a torn collar
You can enjoy only, O poor heart
If every breath you may heave
Is entangled in every thread of sheet.

x

My heart is a grate of fire
Burning with all its secrets concealed
I am scared if ever somewhere
I may have to these secrets revealed.

xi

The magic of the meanings of
The hidden treasures of my words
Each of which, O dear Ghalib
Has now appeared in my verse.

175

i

Compare not her beautiful face
With the beauty of the moon
She is more brilliant of the two
For sun's fiery radiance she has too.

ii

My heart she wishes ever to gain
Without even a kiss in the bargain
How very clever she is to think
It would be better if she got it free.

iii

If my wine cup ever breaks
I get another from the market place
For daily I use my earthen cup
Isn't it better than King Jamshed's

iv

Unasked for whenever you give it
There is ever more pleasure in this
Even a beggar who does not seek
Is better when he is without a bowl.

v

Whenever she comes to enquire for me
Seeing her thus my face is flushed
She draws a conclusion from all this
Now getting better the patient is.

vi

Lets see what reward the lovers will get
From their beloveds when they meet
It is the forecast of the brahmins
That the new year bodes better proceeds.

vii

Farhad could reach his Shirin too
By mastering the art of axe he had
In whatever field a man masters
He must get his reward for that.

viii

A drop of water when merges with river
It becomes a river in itself
That deed alone is good and well
Which is good for all in the world.

iv

O praise now the frenzy of
My love in the name of God
While the messenger is still on his way
The lover stands with his love.

v

All these curls of your locks
Have perplexed me in all my life
You, my love, will surely bear
All their consequences in the future.

vi

There is a fluttering in heart and liver
My breath is like a drop of blood
In all my vanity during my past
Each drop fluttered with the breath.

vii

She swears now not to attend
O Ghalib, even your funeral service
Thus she had sworn even before
By my own dear life's honor.

178

i

Mention of the very word complaint
Has caused my beloved a lot of pain
Now do not mention this fact too
For it too will be construed as a plaint

ii

Pent up in me is so much grouse
As melody with instruments gets roused
Strike one note and then you see
The plaints shall start pouring out.

iii

Unconscious, though she is of it
Look at her sense of recompense
When I complain to her of cruelty
All the more cruel she then becomes.

iv

For whom, O pray the heaven awaits
For whom the stars have a slow gait
A tired lover with his blistered soles
Walks for the beloved at such slow pace.

v

Determined to be the target of arrows
Of her cruelties that she throws
Whenever their target is now missed
I fetch them back again for the bow.

vi

From the very outset we should have
Now ever wished well for ourselves
But now when we wish for ourselves well
Only bad luck has had grip of us.

vii

Beyond the heavens have reached my plaints
Whenever there I sent my woes
But now before my lips they reach
They get dissolved just into nothings.

viii

With the famous singer Barbud
My pen too sings the praise of the king
While he was famous for his songs
My pen has written gazals for him.

ix

To you, O the king emperor
Whose soldiers are stars and flag the sun
O my benefactor I sing your praise
To you my due I can never repay.

x

The seven continents put together
So much wealth they cannot gather
Which can sustain even the horseshoes
That alone are in your stables.

xi

Every month there is a full moon
And every month moon turns into a crescent
The full moon rubs its forehead ever
At your threshold in your honor.

xii

May you excuse my impertinence now
For narrating before you all these gazals
This too is your kindness benign
For having allowed such wonderful style.

xiii

For having sung such bitter songs
O Ghalib, you must beg His pardon
The flood of pain in your heart today
Has carried with it all woes and wails.

179

i

"Who are you", is your response
That I raise with you on every point
Is this the way, pray tell me now
You will converse with me this style?

ii

No flame has such like a miracle
No current has such like a craze
O tell me now, who has got
Such coquettish blazing habit raised.

iii

That he talks to you freely
Is a source of envy for me
The fear of his misleading you
Is not indeed my Waterloo.

iv

The clothes drenched in the blood
Are sticking to my body now
Now my collar does not need
The scope of stitching any more.

v

The fire which has burnt my body
Must have burnt my heart too
Sifting the ashes from it now
Shall not give you any more clue.

vi

Running along in the veins
Of blood does not convince now
Unless and until it drips from eyes
Its real aim it does not realize.

vii

What is it that is dear to me
That I should prey for the paradise
Nothing but red musk-scented wine
Shall attract my craze for its price.

viii

I do require plenty of drinks
In pitchers two to four will suffice
What are a tumbler, a flask or a cup
To satisfy my thirst for wine.

ix

I do not possess the power of speech
But even if I had it with me
With what a hope shall I then ask
Myself what I indeed need.

x

When I have only become a courtier
Why should I then run about and brag
Otherwise, O Ghalib in this city
What dignity and prestige do you have.

180

i

Whenever I have teased her
She has not responded to this
She would have surely blown up
If she had only a little drink.

ii

Whether she spells calamity for me
Or may be she is an evil spirit
Whatever she is, let her be
But for me alone she should be.

iii

The height of bad luck I have had
Which my destiny had bestowed
One heart only is not enough
Give me many more, O my God.

iv

On the right path he would be
If Ghalib's advice he would concede
If he was in no hurry to leave
And some more days still he would live.

181

i

Raining kisses on wine glasses
By my rivals in her party
With my parched lips and so lonely
For her invitation I am awaiting.

ii

Need I now complain at all
Of the inflictions of my heart
These are the ways bestowed on me
By the big blue sky above.

iii

I shall write to you my letters
May be they are without any purpose
For immensely I love your name
I shall write it again and again.

iv

Overnight by the Zamzam well
Drinking deep till morning spell
Washing the stains of sins in the morn
For pilgrimage with the sacred robes.

v

My heart is entrapped by my eyes
Which had fallen on her guiles
For they too have their senses lost
By the net that you have spread.

vi

There is a news now often heard
The king convalesces to good health
When he will grace the royal bath
Let us now keep our fingers crossed.

vii

Oh! This maddening love of mine
Has made me useless without a spine
When I could boast there was a time
That Ghalib was a man so fine.

182

i

Look there the spring has now come
With such style and such splendor
Both the sun and moon have become
This wonderful scene's onlooker.

ii

Look for yourself ,O the dwellers
Look at this patch of the dust
If ever you seek to adorn the earth
Now sprawling before you is that patch.

iii

From its one end to the other
To this earth we must look up
Even the splendor of the blue sky
Is shamed by the earth's splendor.

iv

Whenever greenery has not found
Any more quarter on this ground
To the surface of water it then turns
To form green moss for it to transform.

v

To enjoy the beauty of the spring
And the splendor of flowers green
To the Narcissus nature has given
An eye from which all can be seen.

vi

The air has now got in itself
A streak of wine all preserved
Inhale the air now deep to dwell
And throw the glass of wine to hell.

vii

Why should the world now not rejoice
With the news that Ghalib has
The justly king has now gained
Complete recovery fully convalesced.

183

i

I love my indifference and my humility
Matching the traits of my high thinking
Should you decide to pull away from me
I withdraw to keep my place empty.

ii

The world symbolizes dearth of fortitude
For this in the tavern there is a solitude
Filled to the brim are all wine glasses
But there are no inmates in the Tavern Inn.

184

i

She does not want to hear at all
The story of my life from any one
In my own words if I want to tell
All at once she will rebel.

ii

Do not ask me the pains I suffer
The amorous killing glances of hers
Look at the blood dripping from my eyes
And the deadly splashing of red.

iii

On which aspect of my life
My friends shall their tears subscribe
Except to mention my maddening strife
Forever in verses he did write.

iv

In the desert of my thoughts
Incoherent and crazy were they all
Losing the line of thinking there
I had all my thoughts thus lost.

v

Facing each other like adversaries
On the opposite sides we had stood
When he saw the flow of my rhymes
He got stifled and lost his speech.

vi

Like the heavy weight stone on way
Stepped on by all the passers by
While no one can remove it aside
But unnoticed it is not by sight.

vii

I am such a rising whirlwind
Kicked up by the dust of desires
Blowing like the gusty winds
Of gathered up of flames of fire.

viii

How slight the mouth that she has got
Despite my probing I can find not
A complete novice in love's field
My ignorance is completely revealed.

ix

My weakness and impotence, Ghalib
Have made my life a complete wreck
Even in his advancing age
No one can compare with my disgrace.

185

i

To paint the image of that beauty
Sitting in the lap of the villain
The brush of the painter must consist of
The ugly feet of the peacock.

ii

You are so very ill mannered
To regard my shock as a public show
My grief indeed has a different tale
To express it I require a frenzied face.

iii

I long for such a heat in love
Like the glowing candle's flame
I may pierce the vein of the liver
Right up to its pulse to gain.

186

i

So much is the garden enamored
Of your august company benign
All its flowers have opened their arms
To come to embrace your person fine.

ii

With you the turret of indifference
Is rising higher and higher still
But here all my wails of protests
Forever clamor to reach that height.

iii

To all the limits of forbearance
My grieving heart takes me that far
If a scar ever appears on the heart
It surely is a sign of welcome sight.

187

i

Which one is ever possible to mend
My heart does not seek that wound
Let such a wound, O My Lord
Be destined for my rival's lot.

ii

Its good to see the tip of her finger
Covered with red henna to lend red color
Of red blood to the scars of my heart
Which thirsts for a drop thereof.

iii

Fear not the lack of lovers' courage
Go on to impose your tyranny forever
For there is no one to listen to complaints
Even if they reach the highest in reign.

iv

Forever the lover is craving for
A touch of his liver to the beloved's dagger
Forever again he hankers after
For a slash of a knife on his throat.

v

Alas! A hundred times, alas
O Ghalib in all the life you spent
Forever to aspire for a faithful beloved
The fatal cruelties that you underwent.

188

i

Gaining support of the restless mercury
The sheet of glass becomes a wondering mirror
Likewise the restlessness of my heart
Is made more restless by its tumults.

ii

It is the time for you to depart
When rose has opened its petals apart
O my dear, the nightingale
Its time now for the spring to part.

189

i

Union amongst lovers should never be
Punctuated by self control and dignity
While the beloved should be bit coquettish
A touch of madness should be in lover's spree.

ii

The lover will certainly have his bit of luck
In stealing a kiss from the lips of hers
But for this he can not have the craze enough
And the courage of one who is not even drunk.

190

i

Love the beautiful ones you should
As much as you can afford
If you get their love in return
What more in your life you want.

ii

The company of those who do drink
You should avoid and keep away
You should ever from the tavern Inn
Between you and it draw some distance.

iii

How easy I thought it would be
For my heart to fall in love
How sad and wrong I was indeed
An admonishment I deserve for this.

iv

Tear not your scarf, O lover with heart
Stay put till the spring appears
You must wait till the moisture on bud
Gets for its inkling to tear apart.

v

A friendship when is covered by a veil
Is transformed into the stranger's sail
Pray do not hide thus this your face
For being so strange you may not avail.

vi

My rival has lost out himself too
Through his sheer enmity for me
See how intense is this enmity
He has lost his own love in it.

vii

All our efforts towards our disgrace
Cannot bear fruit and must fail
A tumultuous friend is all we need
And towards our disgrace he must behave.

viii

One who harbors his only hope
To end his life and nothing ever more
What would be then his state of mind
In perpetual helplessness he would himself find.

ix

The moon-faced beauties that you see
O ignorant lover, you can conceive
Their lovers must also be so handsome
As to match their own beauty.

x

O Asad, you reckon yourself a lover
If you will have any chance, whatever
Take the first opportunity you get
To see your own face in the mirror.

191

i

As I move towards the wilderness now
My destination moves away from me
Though faster is the speed I go
Still faster then the wilderness moves.

ii

With such unconcern I hold my beloved
No stranger has become aware of it
My brows are even unconscious of that
Such style and guile is now part of me.

iii

From the frenzy of heart's fiery fire
Even my shade runs away from it
As does the smoke now taking its flight
During the spells of my lonely nights.

iv

Do not grieve at the loss of the lovers
And take to the life of simple manners
See how lonely is the kiosk of mirrors
At the passing away of me from there.

v

Drippings from the blisters of foot sores
I have acquired during journeys in wilderness
They are just like shining lamps on the road
Like shining pearls glowing on way I go.

vi

Let gay and happy be the beginnings of
The pleasing bed time preliminaries
Like my own shadow I shall now fill
All my bed chamber with its thrill.

vii

In my craze for your sight
You happen to chop off my life
But it shall grow and spread afar
Like the wick of the candle's bite.

viii

My helplessness and my plight
Alas! The madness of my lonely nights
The sun of the doomsday and its shade
Is hiding in the shade of its bright.

ix

Many rounds of esoteric drinks
Imparting a hundred glorious shades
My eyes agape with the wonderment
As if it is holding a mirror against.

x

The fallen leaves and their stems
All lying in the garden unkempt
And now Asad's eyes and their warmth
Have illumined them all like the lamps.

192

i

O my woes of heart, now listen
Such a critique have you now become
You are not impressed by any of my talks
Least of all by even all my bluffs.

ii

I have been calling her so many times
My love for her is so much intense
Under such a great crush she should be
That she cannot do but to me she will come.

iii

Why she considers it all a child's play
Which she may forget and then walk away
May God she should get in such a rut
On torturing me alone she should be set.

iv

Taking your love letter in his own hand
The rival flourishes it with such disdain
If any one asks him what is with him
He will then feign to hide it with him.

v

What is the use if she is so delicate
Though she is no doubt so simple and pious
But if I am able to reach her and touch
I would not do that for her own self.

vi

Who can ever say that all this splendour
To whom do we owe for all this grandeur
Such a curtain is now dropped over them
To know their meaning we must raise the curtain.

vii

It is indeed vain to wait for the death
For death is inevitable and come it must
But how much I crave for you, O my love
Forever yearning but still without luck.

viii

The burden of this love that I now carry
Has become too much which I cannot lift
What a nasty job which I now have to do
The very possible I have sought for myself.

ix

Love has such a wild flare ,O Ghalib
Which is not possible even to control
You try to ignite it, but it wont fire
And it does not extinguish if you put off.

193

i

My frenzy is keen to tear the garments
Even in my state of nudity, now
As the day break opens in a crack
And the nature's heart sores then get a torn frock.

ii

Your splendor manifests your beauty so much
That if one were to think of that
The eye sight of my heart becomes
A pilgrimage for all the wonderments.

iii

Till when my heart shall remain shattered
That it has now become immune to shocks
Its glass has now become so very sluggish
Which even the mountain can not break.

iv

Should the Tavern Inn find its defeat
By the drunken eyes of the Saki
The hair line crack in the wine glass
Would then appear its own eye lash.

v

The dimpled hair line mark has grown
On the fair cheeks of my beloved
O the tresses that hide her face
Have disheveled the fair cheeks of hers.

194

i

She should come in my dreams
To give solace to my disturbed life stream
Allow me in the warmth of my heart
For my dreams' stream enough sleep.

ii

All your tears of fond affection
Take my life out as they flow
Like you too some one else should too
Shed tearful glances as they glow.

iii

When I see your shivering lips
They take my life away from me
To me if they do not offer a kiss
Let them then open so to speak.

iv

You pour a drink in my cupped palms
If you hate me, O Saki so much
Let there be no cup for me
But give to me my drink at least.

v

Asad's limbs and arms were swollen
With a wave of extreme ecstasy
When lovingly she invited me
And asked to caress her arms and feet.

195

i

The heat of heartbeats does so probe
It pulls every thread of my bed robe
So heavy now I feel in my body
A burden on my head is even the pillow.

ii

A tear is held so mute in the desert
While wandering in its wilderness
The crestfallen heart has no where to go
Except to lie in bed and cry in woe.

iii

Fortune bodes well for my illness
That you have come to enquire after my health
The candle which is lit on my bed side
May now prove to be a sign of good luck.

iv

The restlessness of separation in evening's loneliness
Has increased the intensity of woes and wails
With the doomsday sun's rays are woven
All the threads of my unfortunate bed.

v

The pillow emits all its good smell
Of the scented tresses of my beloved
For me to enjoy the dreams of Zulekha
Is all my pastime now in my bed.

vi

The condition of my heart, O Ghalib
In separation from my own beloved
So desperate is my state that every thread
Of my bed seems to have a thorn in it.

196

i

How dangerous is this knot of love
It may prove in the end a rope in neck
To be so proud of such a friendship
May after all turn to be a whole mishap.

ii

It's a short-coming in the season itself
O Ghalib its none of flowers' short-fall
If the flowers do not measure up to that
The tall slender length of the cypress.

197

i

There is not a form or meter
To register any complaint against
Neither is there an established code
To voice one's woes and one's wails .

ii

If the garden does not seek
To beg from its own grapevine
Why does then the gardener grow
The begging bowl and the gourd.

iii

Each and every time well nigh
Thou art present as none else is
Is there any thing else in the world
Which any one can claim as not Thine.

iv

Do not let any body lead you away
By false dealings and foul play
An assertion of something else is being
Take it as nothing and just nothing.

v

If there are no pleasures in this world
Where would then the sadness be
If spring does not at all exist
Would autumn then ever be.

vi

Do not refuse the cup of wine
If it is ever, O mentor, served to you
See it is only the wine of the grapes
No affluent it is from the bees.

vii

You are no being, O dear Ghalib
Did your being ever exist?
Where do you exist after all
For you are nothing, nothing at all.

198

i

Do not ask me the prescription
For the ointment of my heart sores
For it has the ingredient of diamond dust
Which increases the pains of heart still more.

ii

After a lapse of many, many days
Your sight has now got such a daze
What was before a complete indifference
Is now only a sideways deliberate gaze.

199

i

Head and shoulder though in love
I still not show my craze for her
I can't be envious of my own self
How can I brook any such spell.

ii

She has an affair with the rival
Though inwardly she does not tell
It is only her way of camouflage
For no veil she wears on her head.

iii

Its only out of sheer jealousy
And a sense of frustration on that
That people say things bad of Ghalib
Not in good taste they well know that.

200

i

From the color of your own sweet lips
The wine in cup acquires brilliance
The measures marked on the wine cup
Reflect all those who picked the flowers.

ii

Let this crazy head too earn
Some little reward from her hand
For long it has laid so very restless
Without any support of even the pillow.

iii

The rose now does not heed at all
Any woes and wails of the nightingale
For it has now got all ears stuffed
By cotton like cold of moistened dew.

iv

Asad is in such a delicate state
For God's sake come, now do come
There is no time, O the faithless one
For form, shame, veil, inhibition.

201

i

Why not there be some unconcern
In the eyes of all those idols
Looking downwards as if they are sick
Prevented thus from looking up.

ii

Will I have a chance to see her
When I am being still executed
But alas, it may not be so
Her sword is too sharp to slit.

iii

Roses' petals, O Asad remind me
Of the cheeks of my own fair love
The sudden sprouting of the spring
Has enhanced my own yearning for her.

202

i

The messenger has now turned my rival
He is too a man after all
Having a heart in his chest
Which may have been enamored by her.

ii

Death is though destined to come
But when I want, it does not come
Every time that I put a complaint
Its more intense , its more often.

iii

My rival often goes to stay
In the lane of my own friend
I have named it "Enemy Street"
What else can I otherwise do.

iv

It is indeed so incredible
That she practices such a deep deception
Whatever is there in my mind
I don't disclose, she still comes to know.

v

Whenever she halts in the bazaar
She stops and enquires if I am well
I am aware that it is a thorough fare
To protest to her I would not dare.

vi

Even though you have no regard
For all things related to faithfulness
But yet there is some more to say
Between us both, pray say what is that.

vii

Ask of her some question, she retorts
Back to me that I am mad
I cannot therefore ever seek
An answer to any of my protests.

viii

Jealousy is the penalty for
Excellence in the poetic arts
The price of acquiring such artfulness
Is the tyranny of this world.

ix

No one has now ever said
That Ghalib is not bad at heart
But everyone says he is deranged
Pray tell me what else can any one say.

203

i

To be rid of all worldly inhibitions
On my doorsteps I threw away all my garments
My nudity had for me some other plans
It bound them to me for all time to come.

ii

To sharpen even her sword of unconcern
I have become for her such a touch stone
O Bravo to me, I am now so blessed
A soul distressed I have now become.

iii

She is ever collected and content
By her constant state of indifference
For inwardly she is happy and gay
For her nightly visits in the dreams I dreamt.

iv

While recording the unfortunate fate
Of my woe begotten and unlucky house
The destiny decreed that I would myself
Contribute to all my own un-doings.

v

So fond of hearing the sweet musings
Of nightingale at night, I am
My beloved gets so suspicious to think
That I have ears for another one.

vi

Alas! There was no rest and peace
It was all tumult of the doomsday
Why at all, O God did I dream
For peace and rest of the grave.

vii

You did promise that you would come
Pray have your promise fulfilled now
I keep on waiting at my door
Like a gate keeper on the floor.

viii

Welcome, Welcome, O Thou Spring
It is a delight that you have come
A fresh passion in me has sprung
Composing new verses, melodies and songs.

ix

A new life for my brother, Yousaf
The Almighty God has bestowed now
Mirza Yousaf is now Mirza Ghalib
But the Mirza, the second, for now.

204

i

In all the pleasant moments of life
I have remembered the God Almighty
Between my fingers held the rosary beads
And God's name in lips with my smiles.

ii

To my poems I am so indebted
For opening of my saddened heart
The heart's keyless miracle lock
Allowing the flow of verses to start.

iii

O Lord, for my distraught self
Whom should I now beg for help
Even the inmates of this prison cell
Of them too I get jealous like hell.

iv

The craving for the taste of yearning
Is in my nature, what can I do
The more I suffer all these cravings
The more gets with me my undoing.

v

Having fallen in love O Ghalib
You have also become like others
Whoever talks of love these days
Is now likened to Mirza Sahib.

205

i

There is going to be a poetic concert
Now in the court of the Almighty king
The nightingales of all the gardens
Have gathered here with their musings.

ii

With the stature and tresses of their beloveds
Majnu and Farhad shall now compare;
But at the vintage point where I now sit
The gallows and rope shall vie for my neck.

iii

The guts and character of young Farhad
Have to be put to the intense tests
Await, now till the tired loving soul
Of the beaten man will be laid to rest

iv

The Holy Yaqub had to discern
On Yousef's gown, the Egypt's scent
The morning air will then have to fetch
All that breeze that brought the scent.

v

She had come in the midst of your thoughts
Now do not pretend indifference any more
Endurance and their patience here
Are now to be tested in their severance.

vi

Does it now lodge in the heart
Or pierces the liver, it is all the same
But here the aim is only to test
The sweetheart's idol shooting game.

vii

The rosary or the sacred thread
In sanctifying to whatever depth
The Brahmin and the Sheikh Hakim
In their faithfulness, there is no jest.

vii

It is no use being restless now,
O dear heart, you keep lying low
The curly locks of your beloved
Have to be tested now despite you.

ix

My woes' poison has not yet reached
Up to the depth of my veins and feet
At present only the strong bitterness
Of my skin and face are under treat.

x

According to her promises, O dear Ghalib
Will she ever come to my home
In matters of the new complexities
Even the heavens shall now be prone.

206

i

She may any time entertain the thought
Of doing some bit of good by me
But the memories of her past tyrannies
May all put her to shame and grief.

ii

O God, all my heart's emotions
Have though evoked an opposite reaction
The more I try to be nearer to her
She withdraws away from me still more.

iii

She has been ill tempered though
My love tales have been rather long
"Pray tell your tale some bit short"
When bored, the messenger has been so bold.

iv

While she is on her side suspicious
I am only a novice and inapt
She does not try to clear her doubts
But I too have no tongue to talk.

v

Oh this calamity, let me recover
From my state of helplessness
The very thought of love of friend
Seems to be slipping out of my fingers.

vi

Be not formal, but watch her now
That even now with all her cruelty
They all still watch her with such envy
To what extent will that cruelty be.

vii

In the very instance, these my feet
Are badly hurt in my war of love
Now I can neither flee the field
Nor can I stay here and fight.

viii

What is this beauty I can not entrust her
Even to the care of God,
Is it not a real world's wonder, O Ghalib
That she is my rival's fellow traveler.

207

i

She adorns herself so constantly
She surely has signs of insanity
Then she winks at herself with wonderment
And pinches her own face so shamelessly

ii

How will you now ever efface
The scars of unkempt promises you face
Facing the mirror to yourself, you say
"How many promises to keep, you failed."

iii

Pray do not try to break at all
The age old labyrinth of my thoughts
The shell of my own helplessness
Gives me enough protection for myself.

iv

To confront all claims of fidelity
And also the claims of true love
Is like facing all of the madness
By the transient season of flowers.

208

i

So frail have I grown by now
Some space in your assembly, if you allow
No body will notice me and my presence
This much I assure to you now, anyhow.

ii

That she would take me so very kindly
After she sees me in her assembly
But someone somehow should reach me there
And then alone I can say this surely.

iii

Don't show me your face if you don't want
Show me at least your displeasing stance
Raise the veil that drops on your face
To show your angry eyes for an instant.

iv

She will be happy to keep me imprisoned
If only I were a lock of hair so curled up
In her net and comb so garrisoned
Over her shoulders and neck and breasts.

209

i

No more than a children's park
Appears to me this entire world
A drama is played here every where
Day and night round the clock.

ii

The jugglery of the throne of the king
Soleman is just a playful thing
The miracles of the Holy Messiah
Are for me just a matter of speech.

iii

I do not accept the reality of
The entire world beyond just its name
The shape and form of things in it
Are a naught beyond our imagination.

iv

In the divine presence there is
A whirlwind which hides the wilderness
And on its dust just before me
The river in obeisance rubs its forehead.

v

Pray do not ask me what is my plight
When you had left me behind your sight
Tell me what you had felt before me
Bashful, blushing with arms folded tight.

vi

I am so vain and so self adorning
All these allegations are true indeed
But when your mirror like shining face
Is before me what else can I be.

vii

Whoever wishes to have the pleasure
Of my rose bud scattering verses
Let him come and place before me
A bucket full of vintage grape vine.

viii

When I suffer from being envious
It is considered to be my hatred
How on earth can I ever ask you
Not to utter her name before me.

ix

Pulling apart between the two
My faith here and my heresy there
Behind me lies the Holy Kaba
The church ahead of me now stares

x

I am such a lover indeed
Who can be never by beloved deceived
Look at Laila who for Majnu
Only for him she has a rebuke

xi

Union is never so fatal like mine
It is a cause of ecstasy though
I have ever wished separation
Whenever I have remembered my own.

xii

A whirling twirling blood stream
Flows before me, I hope it is all
But what is for me yet in store
We have to wait, watch and see

xiii

My hands have no strength at all
I can not lift the cup to sip
Yet my eyes sparkle as ever
Pray keep the wine and cup before me.

xiv

Colleague, companion and confidant
Ghalib is all these to me
Pray do not rebuke him as you do
Have a nice word for him too.

210

i

If I narrate to you my woes
You enquire from me the purpose thereof
Is this the way you deal with me
Then how am I to make love to you?

ii

Do not now you mock to me
To say that you are so very cruel
For I am by nature a very " Yes man"
And am likely to agree to what you said.

iii

Call them the daggers if you like
These your piercing amorous eyes
To my heart they are so welcome
Like you fondly greet a dear friend.

iv

The sore made by your arrow
Does not any relief provide
It is the wounds of your sword
Which open my heart so very wide.

v

Do not ever be a complainant
Of him who has complained against you
And do not return back the rebuke
Of him who has rebuked you once.

vi

I mention sometimes about the woes
Of the realities of this life
At others I have to bear the brunt
Of the barrenness of their remedies.

vii

Sometimes I do complain about
Of the sorrows and grief I suffer
At others I have tales to tell
Of my ever run-away patience.

viii

Such has been my way of love
That I have shed my blood for her
In the process she slashed my tongue
I give its credit to her dagger.

ix

My beloved does not care, let her not
But She is still the beloved for me
O praise her walk and her gait
And her charming manners and grace.

x

The spring does not wait, let,it not
But the spring does always visit
O praise its ever pleasant breeze
And the flowers and the gardens' greenery.

xi

When your boat is finally ashore
O Ghalib remember not the yore
Thank the God for all His mercy
And forget the captain of the boat.

211

i

My tears betrayed me to this world
I need not now openly confess my love
I have become more simple and pure
For tears have washed me now so much.

ii

The expense to vend for my wine
I sell the jug and cup therefore
To barter them in the pub
Thus settle both the accounts thereof.

iii

You wandered the entire wide world
To earn the disrepute for all of us
The varying mood you have suffered
Have made you clever and cute so much.

iv

Who says they have not much effect
The wiles and wails of the nightingale
The flower in its very veil
Is split in thousand petal tails

v

I had gone to her to protest
All about her utter indifference
She just drew one glance at me
And I was reduced to utter silence.

vi

She lifted her lover's coffin thus
With such utter disrespect
His foes who were watching all
Completely hopeless they were with disgust.

212

i

Drunk in ecstasy and in dreams
In varying colors of vintage wine
O The cypress shaped decanter
With foliage on the lips of the stream.

ii

Do not tell me I will disturb
With my plaints her joyful sojourn
They will all have the effect of melody
For her when she hears my woeful verse.

213

i

Her teeth are arranged in such an assembly
As to enable her to smile and laugh
The comradeship of all these teeth
Can alone create such lofty draught

ii

The bud flowers into a rose
That is the end that it has sought
How short lived is the life of man
On his own knees his head then drops.

iii

What an extreme pain is in the sorrow
Restlessness is forbidden though
Digging the teeth in the heart
Is the sign of patience most.

iv

All my friends are not convinced
Of my inner restless tumult
Only if they had known better
Of the ocean of tears that I now hold.

214

i

Careless, oblivious though she is
She is still customer of beauty's wares
Anxiety is ever in her lap
To discern her wares for the stares.

ii

How long, O my dear awareness
You'll keep on watching the world's plays
Its only for a very short while more
Your eyes will be open for such displays.

215

i

A line of communications between
The truth of your thoughts and my musings
Is possible alone if there is an opening
In the deep wounds of my body's being.

ii

The truth of the world is hidden behind
The dust storm raised by Majnu's wiles
How long, O pray would you mind
Laila's curves, curls and style.

iii

Her attentions on me too can not wring
Any of the mirth in my sad life
Some one should visit this melancholy heart
To give it some pain and then some succour.

iv

Do not my friend now reproach me
For the shedding of all my tears
Soon you will see the time shall come
When she shall loosen her all heart's gears.

v

Ripping your heart did not provide
Even some succour in your life
What is now the use of even trying
To tear apart even the collar wide.

vi

On every piece of my heart now grows
A thorn accompanied by a flower
For doing some gardening in desert's waste
Which should ever be a lover's craze.

vii

Invisible to the open eye you are
As if burnt by the electric spark
O my beloved , while you are not
By every one to be seen and watched.

viii

Now there is not any harm at all
To trade the wares of maddening love
Each stone that has fallen on head
Has produced a pearl of wound when it falls.

ix

The test of my patience is now over
Your promise to come is still there
I do not have the life to crave
Yet still for you I have the craze.

x

Maddening love is in its nature
Inborn and then saddens the heart
The pain in it is beyond repairs
For which you are seldom prepared

xi

It is my only pastime now
To beat my head over and over
But, pray, what am I to do
If my hands thus break too.

xii

The spread of light of Poesy, O Asad
Is indeed a distant dream
You must produce first of all
In your chest a molten heart.

216

i

The famous Jesus may resurrect
From their graves all the dead
If he has at all any miracle
Let him come to cure my heartache.

ii

The dependence on the constitution
Or even on the letter of the law
They both of them are dead letters
When she murders all her lovers.

iii

She walks like a straight arrow
Almost fully strung on its bow
Inflexibility that she has acquired
In matters of her heart give no hope.

iv

She rudely interrupts all my talks
And then suddenly gets upset
It is better to let her talk herself
We shall only listen to what she has.

v

In this madness of my frenzy
What nonsense I am uttering now
May God no one should comprehend
All this rubbish that I spit out.

vi

Pay no attention if any one abuses you
Which shall drag you in abuse mongering
If some one does any wrong to you
Do not waste any time to respond.

vii

If someone is on the wrong path
You should try that path to block
And if some one commits a blunder
You should be prepared to forgive and forget.

viii

Is there any one who has no greed
In a world which is full of needs
Who amongst us will ever be
His requirements all fulfilled.

ix

The treatment khizr gave his pupil
To guide Great Alexander to a life eternal
To mislead him to the path of death
To gain that life for himself instead.

x

There is no hope left now, O Ghalib
To get redressed any of your plaint
It is better then not to be grieved
In the hope of some relief.

217

i

World may have given me woes in abundance
But there is enough wine for me to recompense
I am the slave of the Saki of Heaven
Both here and there enough wine will be flowing

ii

I have known all your ways and style
Of how to be cruel and to be vile
When my rival enjoys your favor
What else cruelty to me would be like.

iii

The poetic arts and pen of Ghalib
Spread such fire far and wide
Though the world believes all these
But the flame is put off and has now died.

218

i

The garden finds me weak and hysterical
It gives me a scare of life so much
The shadows of the branches of roses
They just look to me snake like boughs.

ii

For its luster the sharp sword
To the venomous stream it now owes
Alike the foliage on me too grows
Out of my misery, dejection and woes.

iii

Broken to pieces is this mine heart
Which has become an onlookers' sport
So many pieces of mirror they are
I am now called as the house of mirrors.

iv

Woes and misery are the capital of the world
But it is nothing beyond handful of dust
To me it looks just like a dove's egg
With the dust like coloring of universe.

v

While alive and in her company
She would often ask me to rise
Now let me see when I am dead
Who would my coffin come to lift.

219

i

The dust trampled by foot soldiers
Of the king is justly proud
That on which the king himself treads
Is surely so highly bestowed.

ii

When the king himself visits
The beautiful tulips in the garden
Then why don't the people pay homage
To beauties of the garden's tulips.

iii

I have no craze for the garden walk
But I do crave for its fresh air
When the spring comes here soon
With beauties, roses and the daffodils

220

i

A thousand desires in my heart they lie
For each of them I could lay my life
So many have been fulfilled though
So many still remain for me to sigh.

ii

Why should my killer be scared at all
No blood will ever stick on his neck
For through the weeping eyes I have
Shed all the blood of body I had.

iii

Of Adam's exit from the heavens
We have heard a lot about
But never was I too so disgraced
And driven out of thy lane before.

iv

O dear, the myth you do not explode
The cypress like height that you support
Just unfurl your curly tresses below
See below your feet how far they go.

v

With a pen tucked in my ears
I leave the house in morning hours
Whoever wishes me to write to Him
I have done it with much pleasure.

vi

To me alone is now subscribed
The present days' turn of drinks- its hype
Let Jamshed's old vintage cup of wine
Appear again from the buried olden times

vii

From those from whom I had expectation
Of accolades for my wounds' appreciation
Alas! More than me terror stricken
They lick their wounds now long forgotton.

viii

In love there is no difference at all
Whether one lives or one falls
When she has sight for me there is life
When she is indifferent death befalls.

ix

O Ghalib, You must look out now
The Padre and the Tavern Inn
Its enough for me to tell you this
When I was leaving, he went in.

221

i

When I am only the burden of my sound
My echo the mountains will rebound
Tell me frankly, O flaming light spark
If I were you, what would be my stock.

ii

Sans any feathers while in the egg's shell
I am wasting myself in this prison cell
Surely a new life shall await me there
If only I am released from this hell.

222

i

The pace of drinks is rather slow
It seems her eye lash is too half closed
How slow the Saki moves along
The effect of wine has now no glow.

ii

No other desire is now in my soul
Except for the wound of your sword
This is the very thought of my head
To be writ asunder by your hands bold.

iii

We cannot see any way through
In this maddening frenzy of love
This wilderness is only a handful
Of ground dust in our eye lash.

223

When I rub my lips on hers
All my senses I then lose
I wonder when lips of Jesus tremble
It puts the whole world in a deeper slumber.

224

i

With onset of the ocean's floods
Proceeded by sounds of lashing waves
A wishful absence of approaching danger
Cannot be achieved just by plugging the ears.

ii

Air of frenzy in the Tavern Inn
Stirred by voluptuous glances of hers
The pulse of the fair fairy queen
Is hiding in the flask with the wine.

225

I am an onlooker on the side lines
And enjoy to watch the magic of desires
I am not here to watch my own
Wishes and desires to be destroyed.

226

As the ink spills on the paper
Thus blotting the whole writing thereon
Such too remains the picture of my fate
And of the lonely nights I hate.

227

i

There are so many woes to address
All my attempts end in helplessness
Wonder stuck with reed straws between teeth
No music of mine wishes to suppress.

ii

Formality apart, the amorous glances
Of my beloved are more deadly
Than the sharp piercing edges
Of her glittering sharp naked sword.

iii

Abundance of woes in my life
Has made my life more morose
The morning of Eid is itself like
The tattered rags of my life.

iv

Fetch her heart and faith intact
If you want a bargain with Saki
But in the bazaar of this world
Against money only wine is bought .

v

The lamp which is lit within me
Is like the coral of the sea
In the lap of adversities
The lover too gets here all his peace.

228

i

You look so very graceful now
When you do not speak at all
With the antimony stuck in you eyes
Your graces reach so sky high.

ii

The bud crushes the morning breeze
When it enters its privacy
Thus embarrassed the breeze condenses
And on the petals dew is squeezed.

iii

See my chest wound just to believe
Striking swords of glances deep
As in the wide holes of the door
The air passes through them all.

229

i

The morning breeze combs through
The scented tresses of the beloved
Carrying the scent through wilderness
It lodges as musk in deer's body.

ii

O God Who are you searching for
And you, my in-quisitive, amazement
On the floor of mirrors are laid
And for their unfolding I do not await.

iii

My stormy desires are now reduced
To naught by lack of any space
Such being here the lack of vastness
The victim is the sprawling wilderness.

iv

The heart has now filed a suit
Against the glances for a default
The hearing is set just for today
In the present court of love.

v

The morning breeze sprinkles over
Dew as mirror on rose petals
The time is come, O Nightingale
Now for the spring to depart.

vi

Her promise to come to meet me here
Has finally stuck on my memory now,
Now whether she comes or does not come
I have to wait, it is sure indeed.

vii

Do not visit Majnu's valley
Without a veil, O dear Laila
Every particle in that valley
Supports there a restless heart.

viii

Glean a handful of the straws
For your nest, O Nightingale
The onset of rains now predicts
The onset of the spring's gales.

ix

Do not lose heart, visit the temple of God
If you don't get Him there, never mind;
Be satisfied by the image of Him
O fool, the image is better than none.

x

Living is based on indifference
And Asad ensures its happiness
Oh Thou! now the sudden death
What is it you are waiting for?

230

i

I wish to place a mirror before you
For you to watch the spectacle in you
Where from can I fetch such a one
In this whole wide world, one like you.

ii

My longing for your dear company
Is ever wringing in my heart
To have the conquest of your glances
To be stored as one black spot.

iii

Who has whispered in my ears
The word of love, O my God
The miracle of waiting that it evokes
The unfulfilled desires and their blows.

iv

The extreme pain of penury hurts
Throw on its head all the dust
Of the great Sahara of the world
To extinguish the fire that bursts.

v

Such longing for my beloved to see
So tearful are my eyes, believe
Such a huge pressure of dreams
My tears may flow to form a stream.

vi

How I crave for a wonderful day
Of pleasures and the flowery bay
Pray bring the nectar and the cup
Put off the stopper for me to sup.

vii

Do not take it ill, O Ghalib
If the mentor now chides you
There is no one in this world
For whom all have a word of praise.

231

i

Dew drops on the tulip's petals
Are never without any meaning
They are the painless scars of the heart
Forever meant to be embarrassing.

ii

In my struggle for your glimpse
A bloody heart is all my gain
Like a mirror held in the hand
While you are busy to put henna on the palm.

iii

The spark of love would not do
What the longing for love has done
Oh! How much dejected is the heart
Which by now is completely burnt.

iv

Such subtle artfulness is there
In your paintings, as it is in you
The glass seems to unfold its arms
Like a blooming flower to embrace you.

v

A handful of dust in a turtle dove
A prisoner of colours is the nightingale
In them if there is no sorrow and woe
Their parching lives are of no score.

vi

My maddening love has now been cooled
By your crude discouraging nature
To have a beloved without any courage
Is a calamity for all the lovers.

vii

Constraint does not brook any claim
To be bound in love's prison chains
If the hand is stuck under a heavy stone
Yet fidelity's claim is often blown.

viii

From your victims of the past
We have known this at last
The sword that you used to kill
Carried the pictures of all its martyrs.

ix

O Light emitting sun of heaven
Cast hither too your heavenly light
The shadows have by now cast
Their own lurking time on all of us.

x

If I am punished for all those sins
That I have committed, O my lord
What about the reward for all those
That I could not ever commit at all.

xi

Do not be disheartened, O Ghalib
If the world is so indifferent
If there is no one on your side
God is ever standing with you.

232

i

In which of the forms to manifest
Was the concern of the splendour
He looked around and found your form
Through your stature and beauty to wonder.

ii

Having been a martyr for you
A million decors Thy shroud reveals
Which one attracts the fairies' eyes
Who have there after fallen on Thee.

iii

Neither you have yourself drunk
Nor you offer a drink to others
Still you talk of wine, O mentor
What is all this wine of Heaven?

iv

Is it the onset of the spring
That the nightingale is now musing
Or is it just a rumour in the air
The garden bird is so imploring.

v

Unaware so far of the clarion call
Of Dooms day, That who was my killer
Does not like that I have too risen
From my grave which was forbidden.

vi

Though they were thrown out from there
And do not belong to the Kaba now
These idols too don't deserve any hate
They have belonged to the clan too.

vii

All will get the same treatment
To all according to their devotion
Let us go now to try our luck
For salvation at the Mount Senai.

viii

Though there is such heat in my talk
But not to the extent that we expect
Whoever has had so far with her
Any of the talks complains against her.

ix

If the King too decides to visit
The Holy Kaba and takes Ghalib along
The bounties of The Haj, I assure
All these the king too will enjoy.

233

i

My heart is such a weakling now
It can not any adversity stand
To boot it all the shortage of wine
Adds further to my life's decline.

ii

O Saki it is my mere embarrassment
That I wish concealed within my hand
The dreg sticking to bottom of the flask
Would more than suffice for my turn.

iii

The arrow is not drawn on the bow
Nor in the ambush the hunter bids time
In a quite dingy prison's corner
I am only having my woefull pine.

iv

The extreme untainted piety of mine
Is never acceptable to me in life
Recompense to me for such like deeds
Has also an element in it for greed.

v

Which is such a very special trait
For which the pride the intellectuals take
All customs and all the beaten tracks
Are generally the cake they often bake.

vi

Leave me at the Zamzam stream
Encircling the Kaba is not my dream
The shroud I wear for the pilgrimage
It is drenched with wine and its sins

vii

It would be tragic if even now
To my designs things do not work out
She does not refuse and is willing to oblige
But I do ever bow on my side.

viii

My liver has not yet enough bled
So much to drain from out of my eyes
O death, let me stay here for some more
I still have some work more in stride.

ix

Is there any one living in this world
Who has not known Ghalib any more
He is though a very good poet
But very notorious all the same.

234

i

I have not held my beloved in arms
For such a very, very long time now
For all those frenzied rounds of wine
All moments lit up by her company sublime

ii

Assembling all those broken pieces
Of my shattered liver and heart
I have now dared to invite
An assault of her eye lashes again

iii

I have been careful all along
Choking my breath in the bargain
For a number of years by now
Into rags my frock has not been torn.

iv

By the warmth of my heart's all woes
I am now spitting sparks from my mouth
It has now been a very long time
That I have not visited the garden of lights.

v

Concerned about my heart's wounds
The love goes to seek to enquire about
With a thousand sprayers of salt in hand
To sprinkle that salt all over them.

vi

To dip the lashes of my eyes
In the blood ink of my heart
To do the art of some gardening there
To paint my garments all over red.

vii

My heart and my sight by now
Each others' villain they have now become
They both now claim the glimpse of her
And each of them wants her full concern.

viii

Into the love lane of disgrace
My heart is again obliged to brace
Leaving the house of pride behind
For it to vend for its own sake

ix

There is again a strong urge within
To look for customer of love again
What I shall have to part in bargain
My brain and heart and life's claim.

x

All my thoughts do wander about
After every beauty of this world
How I wish I enjoy the glee
Of a hundred gardens of roses and tulips.

xi

Again I wish that I could open
Her love letters that she had written
With my whole life pledged to her
But all her coquetry addressed thereon.

xii

My lust has once again now craved
That on the balcony we meet again
With her dark black tresses spread
All over her cheeks and her breasts.

xiii

How I wish again to have
That she be sitting just opposite to me
Alluring me with her antimony
Like the daggers fixed for the glean.

xiv

With the red glow of red wine
All her flushed face so flowered fine
I am indeed looking for such a one
That she should visit my harem just once.

xv

How I harbour this wish in life
At her threshold I go to reside
With all the courtesy and kindness
Of the gateman of my heart's bride.

xvi

I am looking for such holidays
Nothing to do for nights and days
I should only dream about my love
With picture in heart of her embrace.

xvii

There is such a pressure of tears
In my eyes now, O Ghalib dear
A mighty storm is going to be released
If my cravings for her do not cease.

235

i

Tidings of peace and of good news
She now spends all her cruelty on me
She has left nothing for the heavens
I have borne that brunt full stream.

ii

The thirst for blood and still more blood
That her lashes do always need
Why should I care for what she heeds
For I have my own eye brows to bleed.

iii

Stealing away from all, O Khizr
What a perpetual life is yours
Look at ourselves who live and die
In the open to live our lives.

iv

Woe begotten whenever I have been
Envy did not leave me even then
If only your graces and blandishments
Were only for me and for none.

v

O The heaven, You do not now keep
Me farther, farther away from her reach
For I should be only the one left here
For her to test full range of her sweep.

vi

I am indeed like a bird in a cage
Gleaning the straws for the better age
Who shall be free when comes the spring
And raise the nest for the off spring.

vii

He thought me only a roadside beggar
The gatekeeper thus paid to me no heed
As my ill luck should have it then
I got up and then fell on his feet.

viii

The art of ghazal is restricted now
For the larger euphoria of my thoughts
Now I require a bit more leeway
For a realist expression of this art.

ix

To save him from the evil glance
Towards heaven alone now it has been palmed
In fact all worldly joys are meant
Only for Tajjamul hussain khan.

x

Raining all kisses on my tongue
For only the name I have now sung
Mercy O God, Have mercy on me
Open this wide world only for my lungs.

xi

Defender of faith and of the wealth
Helper of all men and all domain
The Potter's Wheel now known as Heaven
Is meant here for your threshold alone.

xii

Stars in the sky that are already there
Bring them all here to bedeck her abode
Let the sky should have some more
In order to fill the gaps left therefore.

xiii

I have yet not finished my praise
Finished now though is the page
The restless waves of this weary sea
Require a big boat for the deep.

xiv

What poetic dispensation this is
To end these verses in Ghalib's spree
To all and one here I do invite
To adopt his guile and his style.

Mirza Ghalib in English Verse

By Roshan Chaufla

Mirza Asadulla Beg Khan, known to posterity as 'Ghalib' a pen name he adopted in the tradition of all classic Urdu Poets, was born in the city of Agra on 27th December, 1797. His parents were of Turkish aristrocratic ancestry.

His father died when he was four years old and was brought up by his uncle. Ghalib was writing verses in Persian and Urdu when he was eight years old.

Nothing much is known about his early formal education, but he was tutored by Mulla Abdussamad Harmuzali, a Zoroastrian from Iran, a dedicated scholar of literature, who found in Ghalib the making of a great poet and encouraged him in this persuit. His writings in verse as well as in prose had the stamp of creative excellence, great knowledge of philosophy, ethics, theology, classical literature, grammer and history.

Mughal Empire was in decline and Ghalib did not get much patronage in Mughal court. East India company was slowly and steadly expanding their trading activities into empire building and the great revolt of 1857 and consequent suppression by the British of all activities by the Indian nobility had its adverse results on all literary activities. And poets like Ghalib had to lie low.

Ghalib wrote his last Persian ghazal in 1865 and his Urdu Ghazal in 1866.

e-mail: rlchaufla@yahoo.com

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